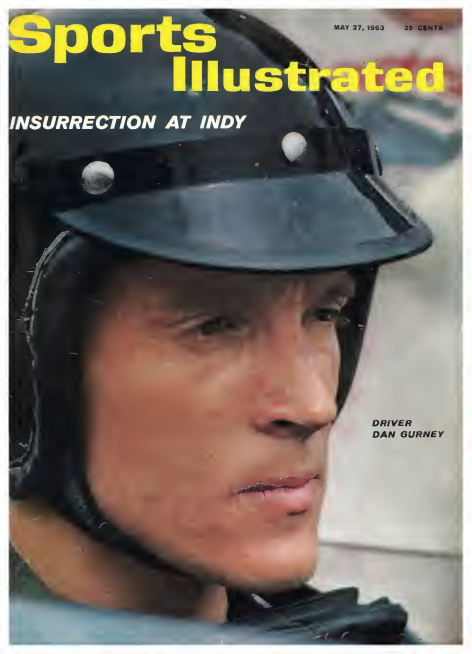


Sports Illustrated



MAY 27, 1963

25 CENTS

INSURRECTION AT INDY

**DRIVER
DAN GURNEY**



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit. Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness (London's water measures up to 300 degrees). Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony

of 12 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely tenses the taste buds.

The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be. Good-natured, full of proud heritage, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: ***the more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***



Wilson Staff



No dead weight! The liquid center of the Wilson Staff ball is 100% "live" for distance!

There's no paste or pellet in the center of the Wilson Staff golf ball! Wilson's exclusive center is a lively liquid, encased in a thin rubber sphere and compressed under a ton of pressure by electronically wound pure rubber thread.

No other substance can deliver quite the same powerful reaction as the liquid center that reacts on impact to transmit instant power through the electronically wound thread.

This liquid center is the inner secret of the Wilson Staff—the "winning secret" that has helped the Wilson Staff win more U.S. Open and Masters championships than any other ball since it was first introduced in 1954.

Play the Wilson Staff, the famous "long ball" that "leaps" off the tee for the extra distance that helps lower your score. The Wilson Staff ball is available only through golf professional shops.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

**Wilson
Staff Ball**

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Watch the U.S.G.A. Open, Saturday, June 29, NBC-TV

Do you have business problems that better communications can solve?

Our Communications Consultant can help you find out!

He's done it for hundreds of firms.

He shows all kinds and sizes of businesses how up-to-date Bell System communications can help reduce paperwork, save time, control costs, keep customers happy and otherwise improve efficiency and profits.

He'll study your operations, measure the "fit" of your present communications and suggest improvements if they're needed. When he's through, your

communications will work more efficiently for you.

If, for example, you need better internal communications, he may suggest the CALL DIRECTOR® telephone shown below. It's the most versatile business telephone ever developed.

Talk with this man. He might solve some problems for you. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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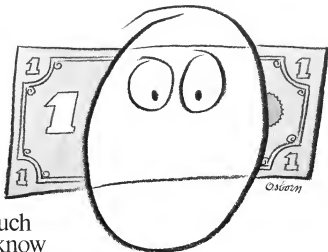
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THE MYSTERIOUS EEL is not the slim, creature most people think. In fact, eels can be quite personable. Virginia Bennett Moore reports on the eel's virtues as game and food.

BOB HOPE POKES FUN at all aspects of life today, but his best gags, Jack Olsen discloses, are based on his lifelong involvement with sport and admiration for its heroes.



How much do you know about Money?

This little True-False test might prove profitable—try it.

1. "Never keep all your money in one place. It's wiser to spread it around, with your checking account in one place, your wife's in another, and your savings still somewhere else."

True () or False ()

2. "Never get too confidential with a banker. Your finances are your own business and the less he knows about them, the better."

True () or False ()

3. "You're better off never borrowing any money."

True () or False ()

4. "If you do have to borrow, and it's for several different purposes (home loan, auto loan, personal loan, etc.), never do all your borrowing from the same place."

True () or False ()

The Answers?

You probably recognized that if you answered "TRUE" to any one of these statements, you're *wrong*. They're all FALSE, and here's why:

1. If you spread your accounts all over

town, you're not as likely to become an important customer at any one place. With both a savings and checking account working for you at one and the same Full Service commercial bank, you have the edge when it comes to asking for a loan to buy a car, take a trip or even start a business. (Full Service banks make all types of loans, you know, and usually at lower rates.)

2. The more your bank knows about you, the more it can help you grow financially—through counsel, through credit references, and (most important) through loans. That's why Full Service commercial banks are in business.

3. Borrowing money is *not* naughty, your forefathers to the contrary. In fact, it's financially foolish not to borrow if you can *invest* the borrowed money to make more money. A bank loan is often a shrewder move than dipping into your savings.

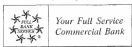
4. By doing all your borrowing—and all your other banking business—with a Full Service commercial bank, you will earn special treatment that can result in a more advantageous loan.

How do you "get started" with a Full Service bank?

Pick a Full Service bank near your home or office. (Unlike many financial institutions, a Full Service bank is one that offers checking accounts, savings accounts, all types of loans, etc.)

Open both a checking *and* a savings account, and try to keep them active and growing. (While you're there, get to know some of the bank officers and ask them to help you prepare a Personal Financial Statement.) Then, from time to time, borrow a little money for some legitimate purpose.

Summing up, it appears that if there's any secret to "knowing about money," it's simply to get to know your banker *before* you need him and then use him for all he's worth. A responsible relationship with a Full Service commercial bank is the best financial and personal reference you can have. Why not get started now?



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Avis is only No.2 in rent a cars. So why go with us?



We try harder.

**(When you're not the biggest,
you have to.)**

**We just can't afford dirty ash-
trays. Or half-empty gas tanks. Or
worn wipers. Or unwashed cars.
Or low tires. Or anything less than**

**seat-adjusters that adjust. Heaters that heat. Defrost-
ers that defrost.**

**Obviously, the thing we try hardest for is just to be
nice. To start you out right with a new car, like a lively,
super-torque Ford, and a pleasant smile. To know, say,
where you get a good pastrami sandwich in Duluth.**

Why?

Because we can't afford to take you for granted.

Go with us next time.

The line at our counter is shorter.



ANNOUNCING GOLF'S FIRST

Can you shoot a "69" (with or without handicap)?

Golfers (male or female) who do it during 1963 will be eligible for golf's new badge of honor—the "69 Challenge Award," offered by Vat 69 Scotch whisky.

You've just come off the 18th after shooting a "69" with your full handicap. Naturally, you're elated. You have your moment of glory at the club bar with the boys. In the past, your victory would have gradually faded away like a badly sliced drive. Not anymore. Here's all you have to do to keep the memory of your achievement alive for years to come.

After you shoot a "69" with your full handicap: indicate your handicap on your score card. Take the card to the manager of your club and ask him to sign it for verification of your handicap. Then enclose the card with your name and address in an envelope and mail it on or before midnight, December 31, 1963, to:

Vat 69 Golf Dept., Room 1356, National Distillers
99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

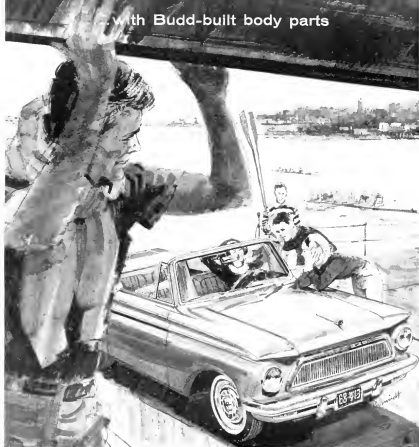
The handsomely styled "69 Challenge Award" Pin will be sent to your home with the compliments of the golfer's favorite Scotch, Vat 69. When you wear this pin on your hat, sweater or golf bag, it will stand as proof to one and all that you've met one of golf's greatest challenges.



Family-sized with a flair for fun . . .

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...with Budd-built body parts



Outstanding in style and performance, the Rambler American is but one of the twenty leading American cars for which Budd supplies quality body components. Budd Automotive products include . . . Fenders • Hoods • Roofs • Doors • Body Panels • Chassis Frames • Wheels • Rims • Hubs • Drums • Brakes

Budd Automotive

DETROIT 15



FULFILLMENT

Man... fly... fish. Rustling leaves... rushing water... sunlight sparkling in an eddy.

He'll cast a dozen times in a stiff wind for one free and natural float.

He'll walk... wade... wallow to feel the sudden strike of a three pounder making its first mistake.

For him, the season never ends. All winter, he'll be

telling tales... tying flies... reading and studying.

Within these pages, he finds information and products that fan his enthusiasm... fire his imagination.

He knows the difference between Jassid and Nymph... Cutthroat and Brook Trout...

... and he reads this magazine, just as you do.

MAGAZINES... *your world of ideas and products*



"69 CHALLENGE AWARDS"

AWARDS AND HANDICAPS

Your registered handicap determines which "69 Challenge Award" you are shooting for. Here are the handicap and award categories.

GOLD PIN
RHODIUM PIN
SILVER PIN
BRONZE PIN

NATURAL 69 (or less)
0-8 HANDICAP
9-16 HANDICAP
17-OVER HANDICAP

ALSO WIN ONE OF THE HANDSOME 69 CHALLENGE AWARD" TROPHIES

The ten golfers who win the most pins during 1963 will each receive a personally inscribed silver trophy from the makers of Vat 69, along with a special Certificate of Commendation.



ALL WINNERS ARE ELIGIBLE FOR

VALUABLE END-OF-YEAR SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES

Each time you win a Vat 69 Award Pin during 1963, your name will be entered in a Sweepstakes drawing to be held at the end of the year. If your name is among the twenty chosen, you'll receive one of many "famous name" golf prizes.

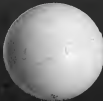


This entire offer is void outside the 50 United States and in those states where prohibited or restricted by law. This entire offer is also subject to withdrawal without notice.

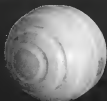
Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Imported by National Dist. Prods. Co., N.Y. Sole U.S. Distrib. • Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof.



Pre-1850: "The Feathery." A halfdo of goose down stuffed into a three-piece leather cover. Dead when wet. It often "injured" its feathers.



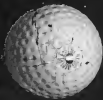
1850: Gutta percha. A solid ball, made from the sap of a Malayan tree. Lively, but prone to crack. The smooth surface made it bob in flight.



End of the pre-Dot era: An early experiment in aerodynamics, based on the discovery that used "gutties" flew straighter than new ones.



1901—Dot era begins. Spalding made the braided cover to cure wobbling flight. Taut windings, live rubber core delivered huge distance.



1905: A Dot innovation: dimples. This lengthened distance by allowing more air to contact more ball. The cover was purified gutta—white.



1913: Another innovation: 3 sizes, 5 weights. Use a heavy Dot (marked by 4 black dots) for high winds, hard turf, a fester for water holes.



1916: The mesh cover design on this Dot had been proved by Spalding a decade earlier. In great demand for its ballistic accuracy in flight.



1928: No more choice of flappers or sliders. Now all Dots were. Valspar's cover. Markings in 4 colors, necessitated by Dot popularity.



1931: USGA adopted the size and weight limits of today (1.62 oz., 1.68" diam.) Dots' liquid center, injected by hypo, caught insiders napping.



1939: An identification system in 560 marking combinations was introduced to avoid confusion: everybody seemed to be playing Dots.



1948: A thin cover. Tension windings and balanced liquid center made "Dot" a synonym for "distance." Marked for British-U.S. matches.



1950: The Distance Dot proved worthy of its name: no ball got more raw distance. One more step needed—to assure distance every time.



**AND NOW, THE NEW (PAT. PEND.) DOT
THE ONLY BALL IN ALL GOLF THAT IS ELECTRONICALLY
TESTED TO DELIVER MAXIMUM DISTANCE**

The new DOT is tested on a Spalding-developed electronic machine (Pat. Pend.) to assure the utmost in sheer, raw distance. In simple truth, distance is the Dot's purpose in life. Every single part of it is dedicated to distance...

NEW ONE-PIECE COVER (Pat. Pend.)—the first and only one ever put on a high-compression ball. Hit it. Hear its clean, satisfying click. Sounds like distance. See its trajectory— aerodynamically pure. The exclusive new Polyundyne™ one-piece cover surrounds...

NEW VIBRANT WINDINGS—isoprene thread, stretched 9.52 times its original length. This builds a reservoir of vital, spring-teut energy. And to complete the picture...

A RESILIENT NEW CORE (Pat. No. 2,998,977) of cis-4 polybutadiene. This is the heart of the new Dot. It is one important reason for the Dot's lively feel. It is a reason no Dot ever feels "stony." In short, everything is new and... **EVERYTHING IS TESTED.** Beyond the test for maximum distance, Spalding subjects every Dot to further electronic tests for compression, concentricity, weight, size. You cannot buy a dud. Finally, no other ball is so stubbornly white; none can take more punishment. Play the all-new Dot; you owe it to your game to get the only assurance of maximum distance in golf. Designed for—
and sold only by—golf professional shops.

SPALDING
MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



Who's planning on using the Chevy II Wagon today?

Nova 400 6-Passenger Station Wagon

[all of them]

Hey! How about that! An easy-to-buy wagon that looks at home everywhere from carport to country club. That loads easily, totes most everything totable, and parks in a tight space. Know how it's all done? You just start with a crisp fresh style. Get Fisher Body craftsmen to make you a solid and roomy body with a special wash-and-dry ventilating system that helps keep metal under doors free of rust. You fit out the body for comfort and good taste. But don't stop there. Make this one a never-tiring money-saver, too. Build a smooth-running, gas-squeezing engine. Add self-

adjusting brakes. A Delcotron generator that keeps your battery's reserve power built up. A longer lived exhaust system. Add lots of budget stretchers. Then build your wagon in three models, including a three-seater. Make a full line of custom features* such as the handsome luggage carrier rack, grille guard and outside rearview mirror you see up above. Price your wagon modestly. And call it Chevy II. Sound good? It'll sound even better when you talk it over with your dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich. *Optional at extra cost.

CHEVY II



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Look around you at community and civic affairs. Chances are the New York Life Agent in your community takes an active part. He's the kind of man who keeps up with things. A man who's interested in other people and likes to help out. As a full-time representative of one of America's largest financial institutions, his job is serving people, helping fam-

ilies like yours achieve greater financial security. When one of these Agents calls on you, talk with him. We believe you'll find that he, and the many modern life and health insurance plans he offers, can help you with your family financial planning.

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**BURN
UP
THE
COURSE
WITH
ROYAL
SPECIAL
L/P...**

Royal Special
L/P

**...first golf ball with new
ACCELERATOR Thread
for faster getaway,
greater go!**

Thanks to Accelerator Thread, the Royal Special L/P takes a new faster leap off your clubhouse. Delivers greater go for unexcelled distance. Gives a crisp click and sweeter "feel." Play the L/P—and start to burn up the course at your club. Sold only at golf professional shops. **LOOK FOR THE L/P**

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GOLF EQUIPMENT
US United States Rubber
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS

SCORECARD

Legion Colorado State Championship baseball team. After him, the class falls off sharply. One player hit what could have been an inside-the-park home run but was lucky to make it to second base. He walked.

The opera company management thinks the softball idea, first broached by Brown, is a wonderful one, according to Robert Herman, artistic administrator. But Herman could be prejudiced. His father is the former major leaguer Babe Herman, now a scout for the Yankees. The Mets are looking for games in Detroit. Then, when they get back to New York, they would like a Mets vs. Mets exhibition game. Too bad they didn't think of it last year.

SPEED VS. SPEED

A couple of seasons from now two National Football League teams will trot onto the gridiron equipped with unusual weaponry—each will have a back who races 100 yards in 9.2 seconds. One of the squads, of course, will be the Philadelphia Eagles, who own one of the world's swiftest runners, Frank Budd. The other club cannot yet be named, since it must be the successful bidder for the other 9.2 runner, Florida A&M's halfback Bobby Hayes.

Hayes's speed, even with a football suit on, was demonstrated recently in the A&M projection room. As the film unrolled, it showed Quarterback Jim Tullis, running the "inside belly" series, shove the ball into the gut of his fullback, then pull it out, then get tackled. The ball bounced free.

Hayes, going to his left, scooped up the ball, reversed his direction and sped 80 yards to a touchdown around his right end. A key block and speedy jiggerbugging got him the first 40 yards. Sheer speed accounted for the second 40.

Hayes will graduate in 1965. Small wonder that half a dozen NFL teams want him as a flanker back.

START: CURVY

The next start for the most heralded names in racing's 3-year-old crop—Candy Spots and Chateaugay (Never Bend is ailing)—will be in the Belmont Stakes on June 8. This year the mile-and-a-half classic will be run under less than ideal (in fact, slightly ridiculous) conditions. Belmont's tired steel girders await the demolition squad, and the 95th Belmont, instead of being run once around Bel-

mont's mile-and-a-half track, will be held at Aqueduct, where the course is only a mile and an eighth.

This means that the field will break from a gate situated at the three-eighths pole, or roughly in the middle of the far turn. It is easy to conjure up hideous pictures of what might happen to a high-strung field accelerating into full stride on a turn. However, there are consoling factors. By June 8 the rigors of a long winter and spring campaign probably will result in a Belmont field of half a dozen colts or fewer, thus reducing the hazards of a well-designed traffic jam. For the fan it will mean a chance to see the field pass the stands twice. As for the better—well, Trainer Mesh Tenny probably will have schooled Candy Spots so thoroughly that the spotted chestnut will not mind if they start him on a turn, on the straight or from the middle of the parking lot.

IN THE NONCUMENICAL SPIRIT

Since 1909 soccer games in Glasgow between the Catholic Celtics and the Protestant Rangers have been occasions for drunken orgies of broken heads, legs, arms and whatever else might be conveniently broken—not so much among the players as in free-for-alls among the spectators (SI, Jan. 14). Before 1909 the game was peacefully sporting, enough so that the players celebrated together, no matter who had won. Last week, in the play-off of a tie won by the Rangers, the situation was as before. There was not only rioting in the stands, there was rioting at sea, the latter so violent that a Belfast-bound ship put back to Glasgow after the game rather than risk the stormy passage. And after a specially stormy night in the specially nasty Glasgow slums, an elderly cop remarked: "Things are not any worse than they used to be, but they aren't getting any better."

They are indeed not, in the opinion of one London sportsman who has traveled up to Glasgow to see the last three Ranger-Celtic games. He noted that London newspapers, which have been carrying full reports about the rioting in Birmingham, "hardly ever mention the trouble in Glasgow."

THE PRICE OF DUCKS AND PROGRESS

Now that Alaska is a state, it is, naturally, an exuberant state—ambitious, energetic and lately filled with visions of a new gold rush. Alaska does not think any smaller than Texas thinks—as witnessed by its dream of a reservoir bigger

continued



*"What can we do? He paid with First National City Travelers Checks
—they're better than money."*

What a difference FNCB Travelers Checks can make! They're spendable anywhere, but only by you. If you should lose them, or they are stolen, you can get a prompt refund—on-the-spot—through any of FNCB's global network of thousands of refund agents. They're backed by First National City, best-known name in world-wide banking. Ask for them by name at your bank.

Fastest refund in case of loss or theft —
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In other countries, Alaska and
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I make magic with martinis

Want a martini that's out of this world? Try a Calvert martini. I'm not just "extra dry"...

I'm 100% dry.

than Lake Erie behind the world's biggest power dam. Rampart Dam would take 20 years to complete and cost pretty close to \$1.5 billion. It would give Alaska five million kilowatts of electricity and, the dream goes on, would set Alaskan skies ablaze with the lights of industry—aluminum, other metals and chemicals, mostly.

It would also cost 1.5 million ducks and geese (who nest where the lake would be), about a million salmon, maybe 5,000 moose and the homes of 2,000 displaced Athabaskan Indians. It would have a detrimental effect on the Yukon delta downstream, threatening even more millions of acres of the best waterfowl nesting areas on the continent.

The Interior Department thinks well of the idea as, you may be sure, do Alaska's new Congressmen, especially Senator Ernest Gruening. Rampart's foremost advocate. Long a campaigner for the project, Gruening stresses that in terms of what we spend on foreign aid it won't really cost so very much.

No? Well, we figure it will cost about 51,000 a dead duck—and we know of cheaper, more enjoyable ways to kill them. We do not expect Alaska to remain solely a game preserve and breeding ground for out-of-state shooters—but neither do we expect its officials, and those of the Federal Government, to discount casually such a vast incursion on the national wildlife treasure.

THEY SAID IT

- Birdie Tebbetts, Cleveland manager, when asked how long he intends to stick with his large crop of rookies: "If patience is a virtue, we will be a very virtuous club."
- Tony Lema, Masters tournament runner-up, asked about professional golfer's Big Three—Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player: "I'd like to make them the Big Two, Three and Four."
- Lou Whitaker, climbing companion and identical twin of Jim Whitaker, who scaled Mt. Everest, on whether he regretted not having participated in the historic climb: "It's just as well I didn't go along. If I were there, we'd have had to stop at 27,500 feet and wrestle to see who went up first."
- Pete Rozelle, National Football League commissioner, on being referred to by a columnist as "the boring young czar": "I was an amiable mouse before the investigation."

END



How to tell when you've "arrived"

When your old
school likes to
remember that you
went there....instead
of vice versa.

OR

When you realize
that the man who
shuns extremes in
fashion can always
feel comfortable in
Hart Schaffner &
Marx clothes.



Two views, one effect—the slenderizing look of natural-shoulder styling by Hart Schaffner & Marx. First, in the trim, unaffected lines of our noted Racquet Club suit. Second in a tropical sportcoat of prominent plaid against Clay Gray—the new Courageous Look! Suit, from \$80 to \$139.95 Sportcoat about \$60.

THE '500' UNDER ATTACK

A new breed of car and a new breed of driver are out in force for the first time at Indianapolis. Together they threaten a sacred racing tradition and a decade of mechanical orthodoxy **by KENNETH RUDEEN**

For a decade the 500-mile race at Indianapolis has been run behind brick walls of orthodoxy. Each year there have been assaults on the fortress, some by single comandos and others by small but brave companies. None has succeeded. But now Grand Prix drivers in rear-engined racers are attacking in force. They have lively expectations of knocking down the bricks from the inside, and with them, everything that has recently been held sacred in the great Hoosier fiesta of speed.

Spearheading the attackers, some of whom are backed by big bankrolls, are a

couple of racing cars called Lotus-Fords. They, more than the other exciting intruders, pose a dangerous threat to Indy's recent traditionalists, the Offenhauser roadsters that have reigned without important challenge for the past 10 years.

The Lotus-Fords will be driven by a tall, lean Californian (by way of New York), Dan Gurney, the superb driver who glares so determinedly from this week's cover, and his fellow agitator, Scotland's Jimmy Clark. The two overcame some exasperating moments last weekend and qualified their cars for the

Memorial Day race. In doing so, they all but assured a record-breaking attendance. At Indy, "500" crowds are always immense. Estimates have ranged from 225,000 all the way up to 300,000 in recent years. But there is nothing like the scent of insurrection to bring out thousands more. Even last Saturday's first qualifying round drew some 200,000—double the Kentucky Derby attendance—not to witness a race but merely to share the agony of drivers sweating to get their cars into the "500."

The spectators were not disappointed by Gurney. On Saturday morning he

Two foreigners, Britain's Colin Chapman and Grand Prix Driver Jim Clark (below left), plot against straw-hatted traditionalist Parnelli Jones



smacked into a wall with one car, damaging his machine beyond repair. Saturday afternoon, nervous and eager, he popped up in a spare car. When it looked as if he could not possibly get onto the track before the closing gun, he did. He drove at a speed that would have gotten him up near the front handsomely but then, as has happened so often in his life, he fell victim to a freakish accident and was forced to abort on the fourth and last required lap. He had gotten his foot tangled up in the safety strap attached to the throttle pedal. Not until the next day did he finally stop stretching the nerves of his followers to the last millimeter and join Clark, who qualified nicely among the first five in the field of 33. It was a rousingly memorable weekend for a dedicated iconoclast, and it left pretty unsettled the question of whether the Lotus-Fords were ready to savage Indy's beloved Offies.

One thing was clear: they are as different as racing cars can be. The Lotus-Fords are rear-engined, independently sprung, superlight, have carbureted push-rod power units (as do ordinary passenger cars) and burn ordinary pump gasoline. The conventional Indy car is larger, heavier, is fitted with rigid axles and wears its four-cylinder, overhead-camshaft, fuel-injected, alcohol-burning Off-

enhauser engine in front. Two previous stabs at the "500" by rear-engined cars were somewhat inconclusive. A British Cooper placed ninth in 1961, but it was underpowered. A Buick-engined Mackey Thompson car, driven last year by Gurney, broke down. This year has produced many more of the rear-engined cars. Thompson himself has five, all Chevrolet-powered. There are two more with Buick engines, financed by Chicago Sportsman Jim Kimberly, as well as the returning 1961 Cooper, in which San Francisco Car Importer Kjell Qvale has installed a British Aston-Martin in-line 6. All faced a struggle even to make the starting field, but they clearly reflected the snowballing impetus of the rear-engined car.

The Lotus-Fords are something else. The frameless "monocoque" chassis are from the workshop of Britain's Colin Chapman, the foremost racing-design brain of Europe. To the Offymen, Chapman's European fame implied only a muffled danger. But the Ford aluminum V-8 engine meant big trouble. If Ford entered the "500," they reasoned, Ford intended to win. They were not disabused of their qualms when Benson Ford personally checked in at last week's qualifying trials and Lee Iacocca, Ford Division general manager, told news-

men his company was in racing "for the long haul."

The reaction to Ford was twofold. First the Offy drivers and mechanics became hypersensitive to new, small 15-inch tires produced by Firestone for the Lotus-Fords (and other rear-engined cars). Some of them charged Firestone was favoring Ford, and many demanded that the tires be withdrawn. Firestone declined, pointing out that roadster builders had scorned the tires earlier for possible use on their own cars. A merry row was boiling until a number of Offy drivers tried the tires, liked and adopted them. Next week a majority will use Firestone's 15-inchers.

The second and most electrifying effect was to spur the drivers to furious effort on the track. Awesomely brave, skilled and combative in any year, they became downright ferocious. The marvelously gifted Parnelli Jones, first man to crack the speedway's 150-mph lap barrier, added nearly three mph in practice to his 1962 record, soaring to 153.557 mph. He qualified on the pole at 151.153. A dangerous wind Saturday squelched higher speeds within his reach. Nine other drivers exceeded 150 for the first time, some obviously on sheer will, but so did Gurney and Clark.

The question of whether the Lotus-

converted

(center, with Owner J. C. Agapianian,) while Americans Mackey Thompson and Driver Martin Gregory (right) pilot their own challenge.



Fords might actually win this year was debated endlessly. Their obvious advantages are in their lightness, their better aerodynamic shape and the independent springing, which means excellent tire wear. Chapman believes they will have to make only one pit stop—a large plus, since the Offies have always had to make at least three.

On the negative side, the Lotus-Fords are still second to the Offenhauser cars in the crucial matter of accelerating off turns. The roadsters simply can outrag the Lotus-Fords. What is yet to be determined, according to the intelligent Tulsa car owner, Jack Zink, is whether one pit stop compensates for faster pickups and three pit stops. Zink feels the one stop very well could.

Another man who does is Don Gurney, who unquestionably is as responsible as the Lotus-Ford for triggering last weekend's fustilage of speed. The public has not caught up with him yet, but Gurney is nevertheless America's best and most influential racing driver. It was Gurney who conceived the idea of the Lotus-Ford. Gurney who believed in it so passionately that he paid Colin Chapman's air fare for an exploratory trip to last year's "500." Gurney who then persuaded Chapman to build the Lotus "500" chassis and Gurney who talked Ford into developing the engine for it. Finally, it was Gurney who cracked the 150-mph barrier with a Lotus-Ford prototype fully a month before the speedway opened for official practice, and thus spurred the Indianapolis drivers to their present remarkable exertions.

Whether he wins or loses on Memorial Day, Dan Gurney has really only begun to operate. The evidence suggests that he is at midpoint in what will be a famous career. Racing has had two superheroes since World War II—Argentina's Juan Fangio, distinguished by his cool, incomparable style and his five world championships, and England's Stirling Moss, notable for his energy, eloquence and the championship he should have won but did not before his recent, lamented retirement. Gurney may well become the third, and if he does he will owe his prominence to his intelligence.

Gurney is the U.S.'s most thoughtful driver. He is always learning something—about rascosses, cars, tires, people and himself. At 32 he has already reached the first rank in Grand Prix racing—the

realm of road racing in which world championships are won. Fangio considers him the best. He is our most complete driver, his exploits in stock cars at Daytona Beach and in speedway cars at Indianapolis have made him the most effective bridge between the separate and oftentimes hostile camps of U.S. road racing and track racing.

Until now Gurney has rarely had the power to impose his will upon events. Mostly he has had to scramble for cars to race. But when a man of his gifts can launch machines of such significance as the Lotus-Fords, his prospects for the future must be considered very handsome indeed.

Gurney says all racing drivers tend to be nonconformists—"the kind of people who reach out and touch when they see a wet-paint sign." The impulse to get some paint on his own fingers surfaced when he was a high school kid in Manhasset on Long Island and going to midjet auto races. A family less likely to produce a racing driver than Gurney's can scarcely be imagined. His parents were educated at Oberlin and moved in circles attuned to cerebration, not acceleration. Dan's father, John Gurney, studied voice in New York and Paris; for 10 years he sang bass-baritone at the Metropolitan Opera. Watching Dad a time or two amid the Met's gilt and plush seems to have left Dan unmoved.

In 1948 John Gurney retired from the operatic stage to grow oranges in Riverside, Calif. Dan was 17 at the time, a restless and searching youth. He eased through Menlo College with just-passing marks. In 1952 he was burning to be a jet pilot but was dismissed after passing cadets' exams "when the Air Force found out I was married." He is still very much married, to a pretty and efficient Riverside girl named Arleo June, who has borne him three sons and a daughter.

Grounded and still groping, Gurney spent 16 months in Korea as a mechanic in an antiaircraft battery, then "hired out as a beginner, a flunky," with a small Riverside aluminum company.

"What I really wanted to do was to race," Gurney says. "The idea had been simmering in me all along, but it was hard to justify. I was married; I had to have a job." He did manage to buy a Triumph TR-2 and later a Porsche, and he and a friend practiced race-driving on lonely hill roads around Riverside.

At the aluminum works Gurney be-

Before qualifying in trials, normally ebullient Eddie Sachs clings hands in prayer

came foreman of a team experimenting with advanced casting methods and found this "very exciting." Eventually he managed to hustle a few drives from well-heeled car owners and displayed promise and impetuosity in about equal quantities. To his dismay, after one particularly important tryout he was sent packing. But in that seeming disaster was forged the driver who would shine and conquer. Gurney keeps in the study of his home in Costa Mesa, Calif. a souvenir of the day. It is a jagged chunk of stone in which gleam traces of a luminum. Overeager, he had spun a Ferrari off course and punctured its aluminum fuel tank on that cautionary stone.

"It was a ghastly setback," Gurney recalls. "But I realized you had to have more than this thing, this desire, burning like a fire inside. You had to have understanding, too."

Clearheaded now, firmly the master of a somewhat busy heart, Gurney persevered and won as patron a wealthy cement contractor, Frank Arciero. Late in 1957 he astonished spectators at his home-town Riverside racecourse by feather-footing an unwieldy and outmoded Ferrari of Arciero's to second place in a nationally important sports car race. So extravagant was the praise given him at an awards dinner that Gurney was close to tears.

In 1958, "alone and frightened," he went to Italy to try out for a berth on the Ferrari Grand Prix team. He won it and in 1959 raced with that exalted but ill-paid band. In 1960 he was with Britain's BRM, in 1961 and last year with Germany's Porsche. The cars that fell to Gurney were invariably outclassed; still, he managed to win last year's French Grand Prix and harass the leaders in other world championship events (in this year's Grands Prix he will drive a Brabham). In sports car races Gurney was superb, twice winning the major prize at Nassau, displaying fire and purpose and a master's technical security everywhere.

As he sprinted into 1963—excelling in a rich variety of races—Dan Gurney was planting his fingerprints in the wet paint so ineradicably that the auto-racing world, at last, was taking more than casual notice.

END



CANDY SPOTS WINS IN THE CLASSIC MANNER

Overtaking the front runners when called upon, then repelling the late closers with a majestic drive in the stretch, California's Candy Spots shows in the Preakness the power and heart of a champion

by WHITNEY TOWER



After the race Ellsworth's colors are painted on weather vane atop the infield pavilion.

Neither Rex Ellsworth nor Mesh Tenney had ever seen a Preakness before last Saturday, much less entered a horse in one. They had never raced at Pimlico at all, but after their big chestnut, Candy Spots, finished third in the Kentucky Derby, and some racing people began to sound off once again about California horses coming east with more Hollywood buildup than running ability, they decided it was time to get acquainted with Maryland's famous track.

Tenney brought Candy Spots there right after the Derby and worked his horse hard. Instead of taking a trip home to California to supervise the 40 horses he had stabled at Hollywood Park, he suggested that Owner Ellsworth get a trainer's license and mind the store himself. Rex, a horseman for 40 years, promptly took out his first license and almost as quickly won a race. He topped off his apprenticeship as a trainer by winning a stakes race at Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Tenney was busy cranking up Candy Spots. On the Saturday before the Preakness, Candy rolled a mile in 1:38 $\frac{1}{2}$. Four days later he went seven-eighths in 1:25 $\frac{1}{2}$. After planning a conventional final work at dawn the day before the race, Tenney pulled another switch. He gave Candy Spots a 12-hour respite and blew him out a half mile in 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ after the ninth race on Friday afternoon. "I don't do things like everybody else," said Tenney, "but I think I know what is best for my horse. I wanted to give him the extra hours between works, and this seemed to be the only way."

The only way turned out to be the right way. Candy Spots could not have been any better than he was on Preakness afternoon. A half-inch overnight rain-fall turned Pimlico's track into cocoa-colored mud Saturday morning, but it dried out very fast and by post time not a single trainer had a legitimate complaint. Seldom before has any field taken the track with all concerned exuding such confidence. The spectators were happy, too, thanks to a pleasant pre-race innovation. Preakness horses were saddled on the infield grass course, so everyone in the packed stands could watch the colorful proceedings. The scene took



Neering the eighth pole, Shoemaker (center) whips Candy past Never Bend, on the rail, as Chateaugay vainly tries to move up on the outside.

me back to a similarly exciting spectacle at the Curragh before the 1962 Irish Derby. More U.S. tracks should adopt this custom for major stakes races; it pleases trainers and delights the fans.

Pre-race strategy was universally shared: "Catch Never Bend and you win." That's almost how it was. Captain Guggenheim's colt broke fast and took the clubhouse turn on the lead. A slight surprise was the way an outsider, Rural Retreat, pressed him. Never Bend was forced to reel off fractions of 24 1/4" for the first quarter, 47 1/2" for the half, 1:11 1/2" for three-quarters and the mile in 1:37, which is faster than the track mark in scheduled mile races.

Through all this Willie Shoemaker had Candy Spots cozily tucked into third position, not far off the pace. Bruhuo Bacon and Chateaugay were sixth—as they had been in Louisville—and then fourth. When Rural Retreat was ready to call it quits around the half-mile pole, Candy Spots was ready to take over. No blind switches this time, no pockets to trap him—nothing to do but catch Never Bend.

As he went after the leader, Shoemaker was only vaguely aware that behind him he still had a contender to cope with. Mesh Tenney described it: "Suddenly, I saw Chateaugay pick up and come at us like a wildcat."

Bacon and Chateaugay spun around the far turn and wound up on the outside in a furious rush. Candy Spots was now running head and head with Never Bend as they straightened out for the run to the wire. "I was feeling pretty good then," said Chateaugay's owner, John W. Galbreath. "But a second later I realized Shoemaker wasn't scared at all. He had the right horse under him."

Shoe whipped Candy Spots about a dozen times from the head of the stretch, switching from right- to left-handed hitting about the time he reached the eighth pole. Chateaugay had closed to within about a length, but Never Bend was finished by then, possibly hurting from an old ankle injury that now may keep him out of the Belmont. When Candy felt the left-handed lick, he flew—he was drawing away at the finish. He looked like a champion and ran like one, beating Chateaugay by 3 1/2 lengths, with

Never Bend another 4 1/2 lengths back.

I admittedly am prejudiced. I have admired Candy Spots tremendously ever since the day he circled his field and came from last to win the Arlington-Washington Futurity. I admired him when Ellsworth and Tenney hunted at Santa Anita last winter that Candy might be mentioned in the same breath with their great champion, Swaps. I admired him when he overcame trouble and won the Santa Anita Derby, avoiding that sickening four-horse spill—and still again when he won the Florida Derby with ridiculous ease. Obviously, after the Preakness, there were other admirers. Perhaps the trainer of Chateaugay expressed it most simply. Said Jimmy Conway: "How are you going to beat the best horse?"

Well, some of his Kentucky Derby and Preakness opponents can have another crack at Candy Spots in the mile-and-an-eighth Jersey Derby at Garden State on May 30 and in the mile-and-a-half Belmont at Aqueduct on June 8. A trip to these races is recommended; Candy is one of the best we have had around in years.

END



ERNIE DAVIS A MAN OF COURAGE

by ALFRED WRIGHT

When all his now-fabulous records are broken, as they surely will be someday, when the story of his personal tragedy is no more than an occasional recollection in the mind of an aging generation, Ernie Davis will still be remembered as the first Negro to win the Heisman Trophy. This award is given annually by New York's Downtown Athletic Club to the best college football player. Of all such tributes it has come to be regarded as the most important. Sportswriters and broadcasters across the country select the winner, and the award implies something more than just ability on the playing field. It suggests character, too, a quality that Ernie Davis owned in abundance.

Ernie Davis was only 23 when he died last week in the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland. During his short lifetime he had not had time to accomplish anything outside of sport; in fact, he had not even had time to fulfill his prime ambition in sport. From the time of his early athletic successes in high school, Ernie had set his heart and mind on being the best professional football player anywhere. He was a shy and quiet young man, and through football he could articulate his pride and the longing for respect and success that burned inside him like a roaring furnace.

Although every college that covets championship football would like to have had Ernie for a student, he chose Syracuse. "I wanted to play in the big time," he explained recently, "and a lot of people including Jim Brown persuaded me that I'd have better opportunities there." When Ernie took over Brown's old position as the Syracuse halfback, he proudly wore Brown's No. 44 jersey and during the next three years proceeded to break most of Brown's records for ground gaining and point scoring.

Ernie followed Jim Brown to the Cleveland Browns as a pro, and, after the financial arrangements had been made, everyone thought that the pairing of these two strong, swift and elusive runners would return the Browns to their former eminence in the National Football League. There was to be a delay, however. Just as last season was about to begin, Ernie Davis was hospitalized with "a blood disorder." It turned out to be acute monocytic leukemia, the most virulent form of blood cancer.

Davis was treated with a drug known as 6-MP, and within weeks his illness was in a state of total remission. No one knew if it would recur.

Wherever he went in Cleveland last fall, Ernie Davis was as much of a celebrity as if he had been scoring touchdowns for the team. "Hi ya, Ern," "Hi, Ernie," "How ya feeling, Ernie?" the fans would shout at him as he hurried, head down, through the stadium on the way to the team's dressing room. A flicker of a smile would cross Ernie's usually solemn face as he acknowledged a greeting or reluctantly paused to sign an autograph. He often sat on the bench with the team, one of them in all but uniform. "This is when it's really frustrating," he said one afternoon during the Browns' game with the St. Louis Cardinals. "I'm in real good shape now. But it's too late in the season to take the time during practice to work me into the setup."

After the game Ernie went back to the dressing room to congratulate his victorious teammates, and many of the happy players slapped him on the back as if he had been a part of the triumph. Art Modell, the youthful president of the Browns, came up to Davis and said, "Ernie, why don't you take the Thanksgiving weekend off? You could go spend some time with Helen." Modell winked at this reference to Ernie's girl, Helen Gott, a Syracuse University senior from New Jersey.

Later Davis talked about the future in his diffident way, as if every hesitant word were being pulled from within him by the greatest effort. "Starting next year," he said, "I expect to play 10 or 11 years and then go into business. I'd like to get into purchasing or marketing, something like that where I could use what I learned in college." Jimmy Brown got Ernie started before the winter was over, helping him land a job with Pepsi-Cola. In his spare time, Ernie played basketball to stay in shape.

Last week Ernie Davis paid a call on Art Modell at the Browns' office and said that he had to go into the hospital briefly for some additional treatment. They talked about the future of the football team and how Ernie believed this would be the year the Browns would regain the championship. Ernie apologized, as he often had, for the expense that his medical care was causing the Browns. He entered the hospital on Thursday and went into a coma on Friday. Early the next morning he died in his sleep, and the news of his death shocked everyone who admires courage and sportsmanship and the many other good, human qualities that Ernie Davis brought to his surroundings.

END

Cold, Wet and Happy

The agonized figure at right, looking like Frankenstein's monster rising from a watery crypt, is really a half-frozen canoe slalom champion named Bill Bickham, thrashing his way down the 40° waters of the West River in Jamaica, Vt. before his third straight national singles title. To get to the event, attended by a cheerful band of 180 competitors, Bickham drove 12 hours from his Pennsylvania home and slept on the river bank in his battered Chevy. At dawn he was up, studying the swirling currents along the course. Then, with amazing control, he guided his 13-foot fiber-glass canoe *Let's Go* (with crash helmet to match) through the 550-yard course a full minute ahead of his nearest rival.

By John





Robert Charles, the somber left-handed golf professional from New Zealand, has lately found himself in a most unwelcome situation. A withdrawn sort of man with no appetite for publicity or public adulation, Charles has been thrust into the role of spiritual leader for a struggling minority group—the left-handed golfers of the world. They cheer their pilgrim's progress through the perils of a world of indifferent right-handers. They write him letters of encouragement. They bet more than they can afford on him. They even jeer at their right-handed friends when Charles has moments of success, as he has had with increasing regularity on the tournament circuit during this past winter and spring.

Among those who have grown accustomed to left-handed pitchers, tennis players and statesmen, the trials and tribulations of other left-handers pass unnoticed. But left-handers will maintain with considerable passion that, though their numbers abound on this earth, there are still fields in which they are mightily discriminated against, such as war, dentistry and golf. Nobody much wants to make such things as left-handed rifles, drills or mashes.

Of the 5 million people in the U.S. who are believed to play 10 or more rounds of golf a year, only about 8%

play left-handed. The figure would be much higher were it not so difficult to find the proper tools. As short a time as 10 years ago, all left-handed golf clubs had to be ordered specially, and the equipment sometimes took as long as six months to arrive. Consequently, left-handed youngsters like Ben Hogan who wanted to take up golf had to learn the game with right-handed clubs or not at all. Now along comes Bob Charles, swinging away from the "wrong" side, winning tournaments, making club man-

ufacturers consider a market they had hardly tapped and, in sum, changing perhaps forever the lot of the leftie.

Though Charles became the New Zealand open golf champion as long ago as 1954, when he was only 18 years old, and though he has had a couple of fairly successful seasons as a tournament pro in Great Britain, it wasn't until he joined the U.S. golf tour early this year that he began to attract both attention and adulation. Charles caught up with the touring pros in Arizona in

a continue of

GOLF GETS ITS FIRST SOUTHPAW HERO

Bob Charles, a slender and solemn pro, comes up from New Zealand to strike a blow for left-handers

by ALFRED WRIGHT



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February, and within a couple of weeks he was winning prize money. At the Masters, he finished 15th and won \$1,100. The next week in Greensboro, N.C., he finished in fourth place and won \$1,766.67. The week after that in Houston he shot a 268, finished first and collected a check for \$10,000. It was the first time a left-hander had ever beaten all the leading professionals in a major event. By last week Charles had earned \$15,312 on the 1963 tour and stood in ninth place on the list of PGA money winners.

Charles seems an unlikely fellow to arouse enthusiasm. Uncommunicative among strangers, he is, in truth, uncommunicative among friends, too. He moves mechanically around a golf course, never changing the expression on his narrow, ascetic face. When he speaks, the sound comes out but the lips hardly move. Whether he is sinking a putt for an eagle or missing a two-footer for a double bogey, his demeanor is the same—impassive. It is intentionally so. "I think you should be concentrating on your golf all the time," he says. "I don't think it serves any purpose to throw your cap in the air or do a war dance on the green when something good happens. That's a bad habit, like smoking all the time. I try to contain my emotions." No one since Buster Keaton has been more successful at it.

The way Charles hits a golf ball is just as unemotional as his disposition. A beanpole of a man, he is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs a mere 158 pounds and has the waistline of a Gibson girl. He bends this sliver of a body only slightly as he addresses the ball and then swings the clubhead in a nearly perfect vertical arc. He displays no effort, but the arc of his swing is great and the speed of the clubhead deceptively swift. He gets as much distance as all but the very longest pros without any of the earth-shaking violence that characterizes their efforts.

"It's like playing golf with a funeral director," is the way British professional Eric Lester describes a round with Charles. "The chap never smiles or cracks a joke or even talks to you on the course. Well, tournament golf is a serious business, but it's not life or death as Charles makes it."

A case can be made against being critical of this solemnity. As Henry Cotton, the fine British pro of the prewar

years, says, "Charles is a fellow who is living for a purpose—so he is a good golfer. Of course, people in America expect him to provide good copy, to be chatty and flamboyant and create news like Gary Player. They may call Charles colorless, but after all he's only supposed to be a golfer, not an actor or a comedian. I like him as a man. He is very courteous and very polite. He strikes me as a player who knows what he wants, and that is to be the best player."

Those Americans who are familiar with some of the more colorful athletes from down under must remember that the people of New Zealand are to the Australians about what Texans are to Texans. And Bob Charles was born in New Zealand. His father, Ivor, was a schoolmaster in the lovely, mountainous Wairarapa district, and Bob, an only child, was raised on the links of the Hinekura golf club near the family home. Both of Bob's parents were not only low-handicap golfers but left-handers, too, and they used to push him around the course in his pram when they were playing. By the time he was 5, Bob had several cue-down left-handed clubs of his own, and he used them to whack a tennis ball around the family garden.

Right-handed lefty?

But the big sports in New Zealand are Rugby in winter and cricket in summer, and Bob devoted much of his teenage time to them. Although he hit both a golf ball and a cricket ball left-handed, he did just about everything else right-handed, simply out of choice. A good leg-break spin bowler (roughly the equivalent of a curve-ball pitcher) he threw right-handed, kicked right-footed, sighted with his right eye and hit his forehand in tennis with the right hand. He even writes with his right hand, a fact that should be kept from the left-handers who venerate him.

Being a natural athlete, Bob Charles learned his classic golf stroke with no more than a few basic words of advice from his father. At 14 he played in his first tournament—a mixed foursome event in which he was paired with his mother. After they lost in the final round by only a single hole, Bob's father decided it was time for the boy to have a set of golf clubs of his own. That was the start of Bob Charles, champion golfer. Within a few months cricket, Rugby

and the other sports were merely diversionary activities.

Charles completed his formal education at the age of 17. He had been attending Wairarapa College, the local high school, but, as he now puts it, "I wasn't keen on studying. When I was offered a job in the bank in Masterton by a golfing friend of my dad's, I took it." A year later, he won the New Zealand open golf championship, beating, among others, those fine Australians, Peter Thompson and Bruce Crampton.

For the next six years Charles tried to combine banking and golf, but the bank came out second best. It seemed as if every time a line formed at the teller's window, Charles had to catch a plane for Philadelphia or South Africa or somewhere. By the end of 1960 he thought came to him that "I'd better concentrate on either banking or golf." He chose golf, and turned pro.

With his life savings of \$1,700, Charles began his first professional junket across the fairways of the world, spending most of the money on a round-the-world ticket. The first stop was South Africa, where a wealthy paper manufacturer and incurable golf fan named George Blumberg arranged for Charles to become affiliated with the Dunlop Sports Co. Ltd. in Great Britain. His tournament earnings were soon adequate, if not sensational, and in 1962 Charles was the fourth-leading money winner on the British tour. His purses totaled \$10,080, which seemed like a good deal of money to a young man instilled with the frugal ways of a country in which money is respected as much as the national anthem. "My father grew up in the Depression years," Charles said recently. "He had to work in the coal mines and the wheat fields to make ends meet, and he knew the importance of money. He always said that if you can't afford something, you don't deserve it."

Two very important things happened to Charles at the end of last year. In December he played in the U.S. Left-Handers Open championship, which he won by a margin of 21 strokes with a competitive course record of 270 over the DeSoto Lakes Golf Club at Sarasota, Fla. This, of course, brought him to the attention of left-handed golfers everywhere, who immediately agreed that their savior had at last arrived.

Right after that success Bob flew to South Africa and married a beautiful

continued



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SOUTHPAW BOB continued

blonde girl named Verity Aldridge—a high school classmate of Gary Player's wife—whom he had been courting for the past two years. The reception was in the garden of Gary Player's new home near Johannesburg, with Vivienne Player as matron of honor, 4-year-old Jennifer Player as flower girl, Denis Hutchinson, one of the better South African pros, as best man, and golfer Bobby Verway, Vivienne Player's brother, as an usher. After their honeymoon, Bob and his bride joined the U.S. tour.

Verity Charles is an effective counter-agent to her husband's solemnity. When she looks at him with her big blue eyes, Bob's formality melts. "Love," she will say, "that was a beautiful shot you hit out of the sand on the 17th."

Bob takes her hand in his and replies, "I thought you said I was a poor bunker player," and his stony countenance breaks into an enormous smile.

Warmth and beauty are not the only contributions that Verity makes to her husband's career. The most serious flaw in Charles's golf at the moment is a tendency toward an occasional horrendous round, such as the 81 he turned in at the Colonial Invitational two weeks ago. The previous day he had the low individual score of 66 over the same course during the pro-am event. Verity did not hesitate to tell him that a 15-stroke slump was ridiculous for a golfer of his talents. Even Bob's best friends feel that he is inclined to stop concentrating when things are going badly. Verity seems to be just the person to jolt him out of these lapses.

Nor does Charles have so many bad days that he cannot become a man to be reckoned with on the U.S. tour, for his game and his nerves are sound. He plans to become a fixture on the American golf scene. He and Verity have taken a house in Nassau to be within commuting distance of the U.S. tournaments, and Charles intends to spend at least 30 weeks of the year at his new profession, a decision certain to please his left-handed following.

He does have his reservations about all the adulation from the left-handers ("They have this—I don't know—inferiority complex"), but the way he strikes the golf ball makes him a living illustration of their motto. "It is better to hit the ball from the wrong side and hit it right than to hit it from the right side and hit it wrong."

END



It takes two to scuba

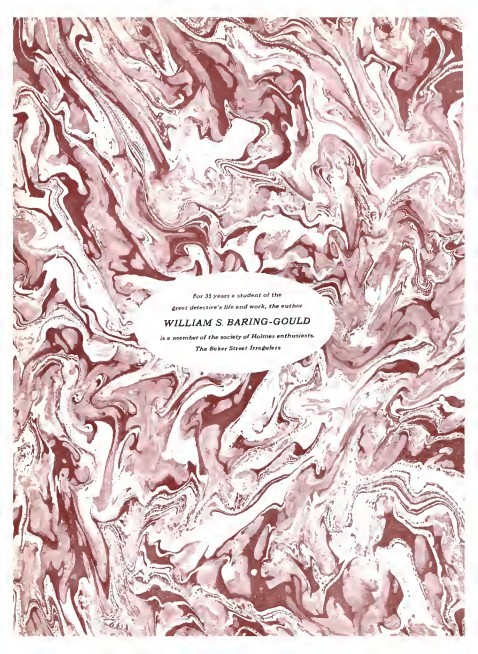
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The background of the entire image is a dense, intricate marbled paper pattern. It features swirling, organic shapes in various shades of brown, tan, and cream, creating a complex, almost cellular texture. In the center of the image, there is a white, horizontally-oriented oval shape that serves as a container for text.

*For 35 years a student of the
great detective's life and work, the author*
WILLIAM S. BARING-GOULD
*is a member of the society of Holmes enthusiasts.
The Baker Street Irregulars*

*In a lifetime crammed with high adventure,
his brilliant achievements in crime detection
obscured his remarkable skills as athlete*

SHERLOCK HOLMES SPORTSMAN

*He was an expert with singlestick and foil, a
fine boxer, equally accomplished with rifle and
small arms and had a knowing eye for horseflesh*

He was a man who almost never took exercise for exercise's sake. He looked upon aimless bodily exertion as a waste of energy, and he seldom bestirred himself unless there was some professional object to be gained. He held that a concentrated atmosphere was an aid to concentrated thought, and he consequently smoked incessantly and indiscriminately—cigarettes, cigars (which he kept in the coal scuttle) and pipefuls of shag tobacco (which he kept in the toe end of a Persian slipper)—until the air of his sitting room was blue with smoke. He also used snuff occasionally.

He was partial to something a little choice in wines with his meals, he liked to conclude his luncheon or dinner with a liqueur or two and there is no evidence that he ever stinted himself when it came to stronger spirits: a tumbler of whisky, a decanter of brandy and that old-fashioned manufacturer of carbonated water, the gasogene, stood always ready to hand on his sideboard.

And there is worse to come. For many years, during the fits of black depression that settled upon him so frequently, he would seek solace in the crystalline alkaloids, morphine and cocaine—the latter in a 7% solution taken intravenously three times a day. As the addicts say, "main line."

He seems to have had only two healthful habits: his diet was usually of the sparsest, and it was rare indeed for him to be out of bed after 10 o'clock at night. He invariably rose and breakfasted at a correspondingly early hour in the morning.

Even his closest friend and greatest admirer—a doctor—expressed himself astonished that the man "should have kept himself in training under such circumstances." Yet he was always in training. Few men were capable of greater muscular effort. He was "exceptionally strong in the fingers" and gripped his friend the doctor's hand on their first meeting "with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit." Two years later, with his bare hands, he straightened a heavy steel poker that had been bent into a curve by his formidable antagonist, Dr. Grimesby Roylott. "I am not quite so bulky," he said at the time, "but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own."

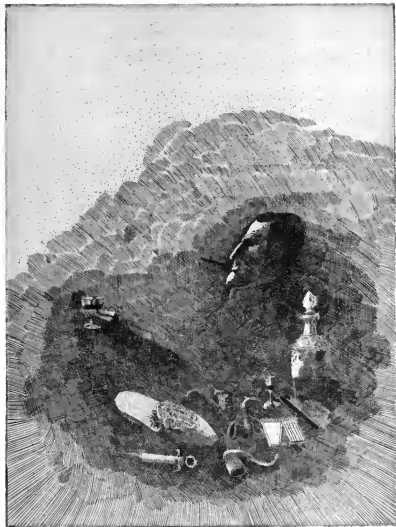
And he was absolutely indefatigable. In the spring of the year 1887, on an investigation that extended over two months, he never worked less than 15 hours a day. Only twice, in a career that spanned 26 years of the most exacting work, did his health ever fail, and then under none but the most remarkable circumstances. This iron man, this self-admitted self-poisoner by tobacco and cocaine, was of course Mr. Sherlock Holmes of No. 221 Baker Street, London—the greatest detective of all time and one of the ablest all-round athletes and keenest sportsmen the world has ever known.

In the early days of his partnership with Sherlock Holmes, John H. Watson, the doctor, as yet unaware that his companion was a detective but nonetheless intrigued by his personality, habits and manner of living, attempted an analysis of the man which he headed: "Sherlock Holmes—his limits." Item 11 on that list, which fortunately has been preserved to us, reads: "Is an expert singlestick player, boxer, and swordsman."

Later Watson was to write that Holmes "was undoubtedly one of the finest boxers of his weight that I have ever seen." And this was no idle compliment. Watson himself was an ardent sporting man who certainly had many occasions to see a boxing match and took full advantage of them. He knew a good boxer when he saw one, as did McMurdo, the professional boxer who guarded the door at Pondicherry Lodge, scene of murder in *The Sign of the Four*. It will be remembered that McMurdo, who had once gone three rounds with Holmes in Alison's rooms, refused entrance to the detective until the light of his lantern fell full upon Holmes's face. Then:

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" roared the prizefighter. "God's truth! How could I

Enslaved by Thomas B. Allen, technical assistance by Chaim Koppelman



Holmes was an indiscriminate user of tobacco, strong spirits and cocaine



The cross-body to the head or body was his favorite blow with the right fist

have mistook you? If instead o' standing there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-hit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, had you joined the fancy."

The cross-hit—a punch to the head or body delivered straight from the shoulder but with a slight pivoting motion of the body—is so called because it must cross either over or under the opponent's left arm to land. An expert on the subject of boxing, Mr. H. T. Webster, has written that "it is the natural counter to a left jab, and unskilled boxers commonly leave themselves open to it when they begin to carry their lefts too far forward to serve as an effective guard." The cross-hit is characteristic of the tall, rangy boxer, and Holmes, by his own word, was six feet tall. He was exceedingly lean, however, and probably weighed at the most 11 stone—154 pounds. He was therefore a middleweight, with a build somewhat resembling that of the celebrated Bob (Ruby Robert) Fitzsimmons.

If the cross-hit was Holmes's favorite blow with his right fist, the straight left was surely his favorite with the other. It was a straight left that sent that despicable villain, Roaring Jack Woodley, home in a cart in April 1895, during *The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist*, and Holmes probably relied on the same blow when he twice had to "grass" the knife-carrying Joseph Harrison in August 1889, to regain the missing Naval Treaty. (To "grass" is a very old sporting term meaning to "knock down" or "bring down.")

"In general then," Mr. Webster continues, "we can reconstruct Holmes's boxing style as somewhat like that of Jem Mace, Jim Corbett, and Mike Gibbons. He stood up straight in the classic style, used his extraordinary speed of foot to avoid the infighting which is likely to be troublesome to a man with a lightly armored body, staggered his opponent with a straight left which was punishing but not lethal, and finished him off with that powerful right cross." Still, Holmes did not always come out scot-free in his encounters in and out of the squared circle. He once confessed to Watson that one Mathews had knocked out his left canine tooth in a fight that took place in the waiting room at Charing Cross Station.

Although Watson did not realize it in the early days, Holmes was also one of the first Europeans to study the Japanese forms of hand (and foot) fighting. "I have some knowledge, however, of *baritsu*, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me," he told Watson in 1894. Indeed, it was this knowledge of *baritsu* that saved Holmes's life in his most dangerous encounter—the struggle with Professor James Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime, when the two, locked in each other's arms, fought to the death (of Professor Moriarty) on the treacherous brink of the Reichenbach Falls, near Meiringen in Switzerland. The fact that *baritsu*, unlike judo or karate, can be found in no Japanese-English dictionary can only mean that this hold or stroke or method of fighting is still so top secret that even the Japanese know nothing about it.

It is to be deeply regretted that Watson has left us no account of Holmes with single-stick, foil or sabre in hand. We have his evidence, however, that Holmes handled a walking stick with remarkable finesse. Watson also tells us that a hunting crop was Holmes's "favorite weapon." He kept one handy in his rooms (*A Case of Identity*) and carried one frequently, probably because he could do so without attracting attention. It would hardly do to stroll down Regent Street swinging an épée. Holmes used either his stick or his hunting crop against an enemy armed with a pistol in *The Red-Headed League*, against a ruffian armed with a bludgeon in *The Adventure of the Illustrious Client*, against a creature armed with venom—a swamp adder—in *The Adventure of the Speckled Band*. And a later biographer than Watson has stated recently that it was a

sword came Holmes carried on the memorable night in 1888 when he ran to earth the fiend who was terrorizing the East End of London, Jack the Ripper, Jack the Harlot Killer.

Master though he was of both singlestick and sword, Holmes wisely relied on firearms in most situations of peril. The researches of Mr. Robert Keith Leavitt (*Annie Oakley in Baker Street*) have demonstrated that Holmes at the age of 24 was so accomplished a rifleman that he was able, against the heaviest competition, to win ninth place (with a prize of £10) in the Alexandra, one of the most important matches sponsored by the British Rifle Association.

Holmes's skill with small arms has been overshadowed by the superb marksmanship of Watson, just as Watson's native astuteness has been obfuscated by the intellectual brilliance of Holmes, but no one can doubt that the master detective was also a skilled shot with a handgun. He would sit in an armchair, Watson tells us—and that is surely an awkward position from which to do accurate firing—with his hair trigger in his hand and a box of Boxer cartridges by his side and outline in bullet pocks on the opposite wall a patriotic V.R. (Victoria Regina).

It is still a matter of debate among Sherlockian scholars whose bullet, Holmes's or Watson's, brought down the vicious little Andaman Islander, Tonga. In any case, it was a remarkable shot, made by moonlight from the deck of a motor launch racing down the Thames at a diminutive target a boat's length beyond.

Recent researches indicate that Holmes learned to box and fence as a boy of 14. Certainly he was accomplished in both, as he told Watson, by the time he entered Christ Church, Oxford, in October of 1872. There, demonstrably, he must also have become a star of track and field—a runner, a jumper and a sprinter. (He might also have been a javelin thrower—he had the physique for it—except that he later confessed to his ineptitude with a harpoon; see *The Adventure of Black Peter*.)

Let us apply the master detective's own methods:

In the spring of the year 1895 Holmes returned to Oxford for the first time since his undergraduate days, there to pursue some laborious researches in early English charters (presumably at the Bodleian). His researches were disturbed by Mr. Hilton Soames, tutor and lecturer at the College of St. Luke's, who pleaded with Holmes to investigate the theft of an examination paper. In the room where the paper had disappeared Holmes found "a small pyramid of black, putty-like stuff, . . . a small ball of black dough or clay, with specks of something which looks like sawdust in it." Holmes recognized it at once as a piece of the tenacious clay to be found only in the jumping pit, carried away on the spike of a jumping shoe. The inference is clear: since one glance was sufficient to tell Holmes what it was and where it came from, Holmes himself must once have used the self-same pit.

Holmes's life in later years bears out another conclusion: he was ever the swift walker, the speedy runner, the sure climber. On one occasion, when he was in no particular hurry, Holmes walked from Baker Street to the Alpha Inn in Bloomsbury in a quarter of an hour. Since the distance covered was about a mile and five-eighths, Holmes's rate was a mile in less than 9½ minutes, against the more normal rate of a mile in 20 minutes. "I am reckoned fleet of foot," Watson wrote on another occasion, "but never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night." The doctor is speaking of the fog-filled night on the Devon moors when Holmes "flew up the track" of a demon dog wrapped in flickering flames, that dreaded "phantom," the Hound of the Baskervilles.

Even more extraordinary, however, was Holmes's feat in *The Adventure of Charles*



"Baritsu" saved Holmes's life when he and Moriarty fought at Reichenbach Falls.



Holmes used his hunting crop against armed enemies and venomous serpents.

Augustus Milverton. At night, in evening clothes and heavily burdened with a great-coat, Holmes, pursuing his quarry, sprang to the top of a six-foot wall, went over and ran for two miles across the huge expanses of Hampstead Heath. He was 45 years of age at the time.

To escape from that tiger of a man, Professor Moriarty's chief lieutenant, Colonel Sebastian Moran, Holmes had to undertake a remarkable climb after his death duel with the Professor. The face of the cliff above him was almost sheer, and far below him the water of the falls screamed in its chasm. The slightest mistake here would be fatal. Time and again tufts of grass came away in Holmes's hand. More than once he slipped in the wet notches of the rock. Still he struggled upward. At last he reached a ledge, several feet deep and covered with moss, where he could lie unseen. The descent, when Moran had given up the hunt, was worse than the ascent: the detective had to swing himself over the edge of the abyss, hang by his hands, grope for a foothold. On the path at last, he took to his heels and "did ten miles over the mountains." Had there been uplands or easy slopes, he might have followed them, but a glance at the map shows none in that region. Holmes had to follow a rugged, snow-filled mountain trail—in total darkness. The long road that lay ahead was to take him as far as Tibet, where he traveled for two years, amusing himself by visiting Lhasa and spending some days in conversations with the head lama.

Now, Holmes, among many other things, was considered the world's foremost authority on footprints. Is it conceivable that he could have visited the Himalayan highlands without interesting himself in that mysterious creature, the Abominable Snowman, known to the western world principally by its footprints? It is not. Certainly Holmes climbed Everest in his pursuit of the Snowman, but how far he climbed it is an insoluble problem. It is unlikely that he reached the summit, but many hold that he may well have gone as far as the North Col, and perhaps even higher. This, of course, made Holmes the first European—and probably the first man—to set foot on the higher slopes of the highest mountain in the world. To the British Empire, then, belongs the credit for the first partial ascent, as well as for finishing the job on that historic May 29, 1953, more than 60 years later.

Whence came Holmes's remarkable flair for climbing? It was evidently in his blood, for, he tells us (in *The Greek Interpreter*), his grandmother was a sister of Vernet, the French artist. And Eric Shipton, the noted climber, has written (in his introduction to Maurice Herzog's *Annapurna*) that "since the first World War, French mountaineers have been in the forefront in the field of Alpine achievement. Vernet . . . will live among the greatest in the history of mountaineering."

Holmes's crowded career between 1877 and 1903 left him little time for hunting, fishing or swimming, but it is pleasant to note that he was able to enjoy all of these either earlier, as a university student, or later, after his retirement. When, as a student at Oxford, he was invited to Donnithorpe in Norfolk by his classmate, Victor Trevor, for a month of the long vacation, Holmes was delighted to find that there would be "excellent wild-duck shooting in the fens" and "remarkably good fishing."

One case, at least, *The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place*, gave both him and Watson an opportunity to whip a millstream with their tackle, "with the result that we had a dish of trout for our supper." And, "summer and winter," Holmes at the age of 55 would join his friend Fitzroy McPherson for a dip in the icy and dangerous currents of the English Channel as it swept below the chalk cliffs of the Sussex Downs, where Holmes in later life maintained his villa and practiced the art of beekeeping.

It is somewhat surprising to find that Holmes at no point in his career took an interest in chess. Rather he regarded a liking for the game as "one mark of a scheming mind," as he told Watson in *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman*. A favorite restaurant with Holmes was always Simpson's in The Strand, to which he would repair for "something nutritious" after a particularly exacting case. Simpson's, in Holmes's day, was famous not only as a restaurant but as a "divan" where amateur and professional chess players met, and it has been surmised that Holmes once received an unforgettable drubbing over a chessboard at Simpson's—a defeat that ever after led him to take a dim view of the king of board games.

Holmes would take a hand at whist, however, as we know from *The Red-Headed League*. On the night on which he was to conclude that extraordinary case so successfully, he brought with him a deck of cards, so that he and his three companions might while away their long vigil in the cellar of the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank with a rubber or two. Only the certainty that at any moment John Clay, alias Vincent Spaulding, murderer, thief, forger, smasher (and grandson of a royal duke) might poke his pale face and red hair through a hole in the floor, prevented Holmes from waving each of the others to a seat on a crate of 2,000 napoleons and asking, "Shall we cut for partners?"

Other adventures are peppered with expressions that could come only from a card-player: "He will hold a card back for years in order to play it at the moment when the stake is best worth winning," Holmes said in 1899 of "the worst man in London," the blackmailer Charles Augustus Milverton. "We have added one card to our hand, but it needs careful playing all the same," he warned Watson in *The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place*. "When the other fellow has all the trumps, it saves time to throw down your hand," he counseled his opponent, Count Sylvius, in 1903, during *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone*.

Cricket enthusiasts must console themselves with the thought that their game evidently does not lead to crime, for it plays no part in any of Mr. Holmes's many adventures. (Heretics who claim that Dr. Conan Doyle had more to do with the telling of the adventures than did Dr. John H. Watson like to point out that Dr. Doyle as a young man "made thirty runs against a bowler named Sherlock" and "always had a kindly feeling for that name.") But Holmes once concerned himself with Rugby football and twice with the great British sport of horse racing. Watson, a former Rugby player himself (for Blackheath), must have been delighted when young Cyril Overton of Trinity College, the skipper of the raggy team at Cambridge University, called on Holmes on the day before the big match of the season with Oxford. Mr. Overton was in serious trouble: Godfrey Staunton, his right-wing three-quarter was missing. And Godfrey Staunton was "simply the hinge that the whole team turns on. I'd rather spare two from the pack, and have Godfrey for my three-quarter line," young Overton ran on. "Whether it's passing, or tackling, or dribbling, there's no one to touch him; and then, he's got the head, and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask you, Mr. Holmes. There's Moorhouse, first reserve, but he is trained as a half, and he always edges right in on to the scrum instead of keeping out on the touch line. He's a fine place-kick, it's true, but then, he has no judgment, and he can't sprint for nuts. Why, Morton or Johnson, the Oxford fliers, could romp round him. Stevenson is fast enough, but he couldn't drop from the twenty-five line, and a three-quarter who can't either punt or drop isn't worth a place for pace alone. No, Mr. Holmes, we are done unless you can help me to find Godfrey Staunton."

Well, Holmes found Staunton, all right, but too late to save the game for Cambridge. Overton's forebodings were justified: Oxford won, Watson tells us, by the score of "a goal and two tries." Unfortunately, in the possible years, there was in fact no



The phantom Hound of the Baskervilles was wrapped in flickering flames

game in which this was the winning score. But Oxford did win in the year 1896 with a score of two goals to Cambridge's score of a goal and a try. In other words, Oxford won by a goal—and that is pretty close for Watson. (He was flagrantly off side, however, in saying that the match was played in February. In the '90s the Cambridge-Oxford matches were always played in December, on a Wednesday, usually the second Wednesday in the month.)

"There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey men," Sherlock Holmes once said. "Be one of them, and you will know all there is to know." Holmes was equally appreciative of horses—"A pair of beauties!" he exclaimed, as the brougham bearing the King of Bohemia pulled up at the curb before No. 221 Baker Street. (He added, "There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else," perhaps showing that his mind was elsewhere.) But he did have an eye for a good piece of horseflesh, then and later—he saw to it that he got a bet down on Silver Blaze, a bet on which he handsomely collected.

Silver Blaze was of the Isonomy stock (Isonomy was a great champion in the late 1870s) and the favorite in the forthcoming Wessex Plate. The splendid creature disappeared on a wild and stormy night in September 1890, and its trainer, John Straker, was found the next morning, his head shattered. But Holmes assured the frantic owner, Colonel Ross, that Silver Blaze would run "at the fall of the flag" on the following Tuesday, and run Silver Blaze did.

Again, Watson must have been delighted to have a hand in the case, for Watson was a slave of the turf; it cost him, he told Holmes, "about half his wound pension." Nevertheless, Watson seemed strangely ill-informed about racing matters in reporting the actual event: he called the race both the Wessex Cup and the Wessex Plate; he said it was reserved for 4- and 5-year-old horses, and there are no such races; he quoted the odds on the contender, Desborough, at 15 to 5, an unheard-of unreduced fraction as far as racing odds are concerned; and the colors he listed for at least three of the entries were not sufficient—no color was given for the rider's cup or jacket.

Watson did much better when it came to recounting the series of strange events he called *The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place*. They centered around Sir Robert Norberton, his horse Shoscombe Prince, and the Derby of 1902. The case ended on a happier note than Sir Robert's actions perhaps deserved: Shoscombe Prince won the Derby, Sir Robert netted £80,000 in bets, his creditors held their hands until the race was over, when they were paid in full, and enough was left over to reestablish Sir Robert in a fair position in life. It is not recorded that Holmes had a little something on Shoscombe Prince's nose but, knowing Holmes as we do, we may be sure he did.

This, then, was Sherlock Holmes—athlete, gamester, sportsman.

That Holmes thought highly of sport in all its aspects is evident: "The best and soundest thing in England," he called it.

As for himself:

"If you have a fancy to see your name in the next honours list—" his influential brother, Mycroft, once hinted.

But Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street smiled and shook his head.

"I play the game for the game's own sake," he said.

END

"Even squaw can carry"



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BASEBALL / Robert Creamer

A gift for making a bad situation much worse

Roger Maris, too human to act good like a hero should, has turned into the fans' favorite villain instead

The impression that Roger Maris makes on baseball fans was graphically, if innocently, revealed the other day by a 10-year-old acquaintance of a New York sportswriter. The 10-year-old said he was a Mets fan, had always been a Mets fan ("always" is a relative term: when you are 10, it means about two seasons) and was against the New York Yankees. "Except Mickey Mantle," he said. "I like Mickey Mantle." Then, in a matter-of-fact, for-motherhood-and-against-the-man-eating-shark tone of voice, he added, "I hate Roger Maris."

What is it about Roger Maris that makes small boys who don't know him say they hate him? Why is he booed every time he comes to bat in every ball park he plays in? Why do sportswriters who cover the Yankees shake their heads when you mention Maris and say, "Forget it. He's nothing?" The famous "gesture" that Maris directed toward a fan in Minnesota a couple of weeks ago—a vulgar signal whose meaning no one could mistake—was a bad thing to do, but it was not in itself enough to arouse the rush of criticisms that followed. Other ballplayers have done worse, and protests have been minor. With Maris, it became a national issue. When the Yankees return to Minnesota in July, Maris will be booed and reviled all over again.

But not for the gesture, Maris will be booed because the crowd despises him, it revents him, it dislikes him. Why? Well, Maris is disliked because his behavior on the field—and, as the press reports it, off the field—indicates that he is a petulant, self-pitying, constantly irritated man. He shows contempt for the crowds that hoot at him, for the fans and reporters who ask him obvious and tiresome questions, for the celebrity hunters who badger him and pursue him into the crevices of his privacy. Mostly, though, he is disliked because he has proved to be such an unsatisfactory hero.

When he was just another good ballplayer the crowd did not care—if it knew—that he was a redneck. When he went after Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs in one season and broke it, things changed. He was automatically a hero. What the crowd wants first in a hero is a man who can do things, and Maris certainly could do things. What it wants next is a hero with poise and self-assurance, someone it can like as well as admire. Admiration of a hero is essentially admiration of self.

When the hero blows his success, when he behaves as stupidly and uncertainly as we might behave ourselves, then self-admiration turns to self-hatred, the harshest form of hate. When Maris, successor to Ruth, showed that he didn't know how to handle the praise and the adulation, he was the personification of the inadequate self, the man who thinks of what he should have said the day after he should have said it. That is how Roger Maris let everyone down—as a hero he was a grievous disappointment—and that is why he is booed.

Maris has often protested, "I'm the same guy I always was. I was this way when I was 10, when I was 15, when I was 20. I haven't changed. I can't change." He and his brother angered people in their home town when they switched high schools because they felt their athletic ability was not sufficiently appreciated in the first school. After he signed with the Cleveland Indians a decade ago he had a succession of bitter disputes with Cleveland officials, disputes that continued to echo after he was traded to Kansas City. When Kansas City traded him to New York—the Promised Land for most players—Maris complained that he didn't want to play in New York and that he would rather stay in Kansas City.

This cantankerous quality went relatively unnoticed until he made his assault on Ruth's record. But then, when dozens of reporters clustered around his locker every day to ask the same questions that he had answered literally hundreds of times already, the natural truculence of his nature began to erupt. Each eruption was magnified in print, and the situation collapsed into a chain reaction of accusation and recrimination. At one point Maris said to Mickey Mantle, "I can't take much more of this." Mantle, who in earlier years had been booed and harassed in much the same way, said, "You have to get used to it."

But Maris did not. That season (1961) of unrelieved strain soured him permanently. The following spring in Florida reporters digging in the dull sameness of training-camp routine for something to write about jumped on Maris for real and imaginary faults. Roger declared a boycott on the press; no more interviews. The boycott didn't last long, but it cooked him. The writers regularly concerning the Yankees stood by him for a while, but then they became disenchanted, too. They seldom bother him with questions now, which is fine with Roger.

but bad for his reputation. "He'll never change," a writer said.

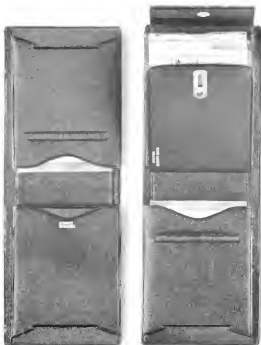
Roger's close friend, Big Julie Isaacson, one of the colorful people you often find in the wings at sports events, disagrees. "He'll change," Big Julie said last week. "You'll see. You don't understand this guy. He's a good kid, a real nice kid. He's got a nice wife, a nice family. Listen, I got four kids, four girls. When they're old enough to get married, if any one of them ever came around with a boy like Rog and said this is the guy they wanted to marry, I'd be the happiest man in the world. He's a great kid. Writers have written things about him that were wrong. They make him out to be a bum who wouldn't talk to anybody. I tell you there's nothing he'd rather do than just sit around and throw the ball, with anybody. He used to like to go to Lindy's for a meal and sit around and talk. But you know how it is with a ballplayer like Mavis in public? He can't eat. Every two seconds somebody comes up and sticks a piece of paper in front of his face. 'Here, sign this.' Half the time they don't even have a pen. So they look at Rog and they say, 'What's the matter? You don't have a pen?'"

Julie made a face. "So Rog doesn't go out much. You know what we do? We play pinochle. Roger and Dale Long and me and a friend of mine. When the club is in New York, Rog and Dale live in a place I got for them in Queens, I pick up groceries for them. Look, here's a list. Look, eggs, bacon, pork and beans, juices, soda, one pound ham, bean soup, vegetable soup, a TV Guide. They eat breakfast in, sometimes dinner in, they come over to my house, we play pinochle. Them against me and my friend. They look at each other and do baseball signals—you know, like they hitch the belt and pass one hand over the chest. That's hearts. I try to get even by talking Yiddish to my friend—he's a New York City detective—but he married an Italian girl and he's forgotten how to talk Yiddish. Ah, we have a lot of fun. We bet. A dime, 15c. I say if I lose tonight I'll walk to the stadium tomorrow. I owe seven walks."

Idyllic. The man who broke Babe Ruth's record playing pinochle for laughs with his friends, eating pork and beans and watching TV. A better life for a small-town boy with a bad temper than being cast in the role of reluctant hero. Big Julie says he'll change, that he'll be easier to get along with in public. Maybe he will.

END

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Pulling the plug that killed a great shad stream

Conservationists have cleared the polluted Delaware River, and one of our best "fishing fish" is once again free to roam in and out of it

When the Scottish-born but Philadelphia-dwelling naturalist, Alexander Wilson (1766-1833) (1) to the common American shad, chances are that the fish he studied and savored came out of the Delaware River. That he found it more delectable than other shad, of which the world's rivers (and some lakes) contain several different species, is not surprising. To riverbank people everywhere, shad taken from their stream are always "finest."

In the century and a half after Wilson lived beside it, the Delaware deteriorated from a salubrious artery of travel and culture into a foul sewage ditch. Like the mightier Susquehanna, its sources are in the pristine highlands of New York state, but to reach the sea it has to pass through some of industrial America's busiest and most noxious backyards. At least two human generations have proliferated since spawning shad were seen in any quantity on the Delaware and the white April blooming of the service-berry tree ("shad-blow") heralded their approach.

But now conservation has won a tough battle. After a hopeful trickle two years ago and a promising surge last year, this spring a magnificent upstream rush of fish confirms that the lower Delaware has been rendered pure enough again for shad. Could he know this, Naturalist Wilson would most certainly join in the rejoicing. He died in 1833 at Philadelphia of dysentery spread by polluted water.

It is not, primarily, any specific lethal toxins which destroy shad in a polluted river. It is literal suffocation—lack of oxygen—caused by many elements. Chief of these are other competing life forms, which rob the shad of oxygen when they need it most.

When adult shad run downstream in hot July and August, weak and spent from spawning and from having gone for many weeks with little or none of their natural food (microscopic plankton), the water is too warm for the shad's comfort, and the oxygen content of the polluted waters is too low for their survival. However, what wipes out the species entirely is a downstream plague of pollution so dense that the young, new crop cannot make it to sea. The Delaware's anoxic plug was from Trenton down nearly to Wilmington, Del., where tidal action is great enough to purify. Such enlightened industrial firms as Du Pont and Sun Oil helped the conservationists get the river cleaned up, but others up on the Lehigh remain recalcitrant. Some of their wastes appear mortally cyanic. Other offenders are small towns whose treatment of municipal sewage is still primitive.

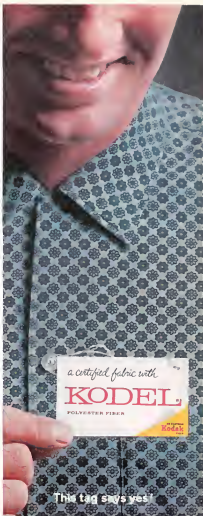
All through the Delaware's barren years shad were shipped from other rivers to supply the East. This year professional and amateur netters are back in business, from Lambertville, N.J., where one recent haul broke all records since the 1880s—up to Hancock, N.Y., a river distance of about 200 miles. The run lasts from about May 1 until mid-June. During this time, from dawn to dusk on weekends and after suppers on weekdays, every likely spot along the scenery scene Delaware is crammed with casters. Excited oldsters who haven't caught a shad since their boyhood stand hip to hip in the shallows with young tyros and round-bottomed housewives.

Compared to shunning, put-and-take trout fishing is tame and expensive. Trout stamps cost money and a two-pound fish is about tops. Shad are free. One fish fills a bake pan, and a pair of roe is dinner for two.

END



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CREWS FROM LONG BEACH STATE (TOP), CANADA, CALIFORNIA, UCLA AND WASHINGTON LINE UP FOR THE START OF THE FINALS

The right way to row is to head for Tokyo

Paced by a couple of challengers from other nations, Americans were rowing against each other on a Californian creek and a Massachusetts lake, but their minds were on a finish line that lies across the Pacific

Every U.S. rowing regatta above the schoolboy level is, unofficially at least, an Olympic tryout. American oarsmen have only a little more than a year of practice left to recapture the Olympic supremacy in eight-oared shells that was theirs for 40 years until 1960. One evidence of their determination to do so is the increasing number of U.S. races scheduled for the Olympic distance of 2,000 meters. This was the length of the courses set for the two biggest regattas in the nation last week. Contending over this distance against a flotilla of the best U.S. crews on each coast was a prime Olympic challenger.

On Massachusetts' gloomy and rain-spattered Lake Quinsigamond, the world champion oarsmen from Germany's Ratzeburg Rowing Club (SI, May 20) were pitted against last year's IRA champions from Cornell and 13 other crews in the annual eastern sprints.

In the western championships on the choppy waters of Redwood Creek in California, the University of British Columbia crew, fresh from winning the Pan-American championship in São Paulo, was matched with Washington and California and six other crews.

In both regattas the visiting crews were officially intruders and hence not eligible for the championships, but their presence and its suggestion of bigger international competition to come made them the shells to beat. Cornell's champions did just that to the hitherto undefeated Ratzeburgers in a qualifying round, and for a brief, blissful moment, U.S. international prestige was restored. But in the finals, with the weather improved, the Germans swept ahead on the Massachusetts lake at their unbeatable 50-beat stroke and crossed the finish line a full length ahead of the first American. Second-place Cornell had

the satisfaction of winning the official championship, plus three out of the five remaining races.

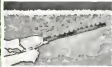
Out West, U.S. rowers did somewhat better against a less formidable foreign threat. There the ominous Olympic shadow cast by the University of British Columbia was lightened by the tense old rivalry between the Huskies and the Golden Bears. These two crews had swept over the line in a quick one-two behind victorious Cornell at the IRA last year. They had rowed each other to a frustrating dead heat in an earlier race this year. Last week each was determined to beat the Canadians but, more important, each was determined to beat the other.

Before the rivalry could be properly settled, a few details of regattamanship had to be straightened out. This was the most ambitious western sprints to date (it included not only the heavyweight

continued



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ROWING *continued*

eights event but single, double and quadruple sculls races, schoolboy, club, featherweight, lightweight, freshmen and even ladies' races), and it was the first to be held on Redwood Creek. It is not surprising, then, that there was some confusion. At the start of one race communications broke down between the start and the finish, and an alarmed voice was heard to say over the P.A. system: "Frankly, I'm not quite sure if this race is fours or eights." A race that turned out definitely to be freshmen eights was delayed at the start while six boats tried to get through a channel wide enough for five.

Even the start of the varsity heavyweight finals was marred by consternation when it was announced that the Huskies had been officially reprimanded for crowding a bank, an infraction that could mean disqualification. However, no one was disqualified, and the race at last got under way.

Round two

Forgetting the Canadian threat, the two American rivals pulled away from the pack at the halfway mark and drove in a bow-to-bow seesaw toward the finish. Throughout, the Huskies maintained the characteristic slow stroke that had led a Stanford man to exclaim in a preliminary heat, "Look at that. They're just coasting." Rowing higher than Washington from the start, California—by then a dock length behind—pushed its stroke up to 42 when it was 100 meters from the finish in a last desperate effort to catch up. But Washington's shrewd little Nordic-blond coxswain Dave Amundsen had hoarded the energy in his boat by holding off the Huskies' final sprint for an extra 100 meters, and Washington was able to match California's move. The Huskies slid easily over the line just one and a half seconds ahead of the Bears. The exhausted Canadians, who claim they only reach peak form in the autumn, were well astern, in fourth place. Long Beach State finished third.

As the grinning Huskies amiably tossed their coxswain overboard and swapped shirts with the Bears, Washington Coach Fil Leanderson watched with a distant look in an eye that could be seeing as far as Tokyo. California's Jim Lemmon, however, was no less hyperopic. "That's only round two," he said. "There's more." **END**



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Caught in a cannibal coup

Harry Fishbein, the dean of the Mayfair Bridge Club on West 57th Street in New York City, is as colorful as any of his handed and one different berets and as unorthodox as his custom of wearing one whenever he plays in a tournament. Fishy—nobody at the Mayfair would call him anything else—always has a hand and a story. Recently I congratulated him on his 65th birthday and asked him how he had celebrated. "Family affair," he replied. "No bridge." Then, as if to erase the thought of a party without bridge, he said, "But let me tell you about a hand I had the other day when my partner could have saved me from the soup. Instead, he turned cannibal and lit the fire under the pot himself." Then Fishy laid out the hand below.

South's bidding is open to some question. It would be more orthodox to respond two diamonds and continue two spades over a two-heart rebid by North. But South foresaw that this would put him into the position of bidding three no

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K T 6		♠ 4 2	
♥ A K Q 10		♥ J 9 8 5	
♦ Q 9		♦ 10 8 7 4 2	
♣ 8 6 4 2		♣ A 10	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ A J 8 3		♠ Q 10 9 5	
♥ 7 6 4		♥ 3 2	
♦ 3		♦ A K J 6 5	
♣ K J 7 5 3		♣ Q 9	
NORTH		EAST	
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♣	PASS	2♠	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♣	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of clubs

trump then cashed the jack of clubs and continued with the 7, his highest remaining club. This indicated that his reentry was in spades rather than diamonds. Fishbein had discarded one spade on the third club and dutifully saved a spade, discarding a diamond on the fourth club. Unfortunately, this discard gave declarer his ninth trick—five diamonds and three hearts in addition to the 8 of clubs.

"But suppose I knew that South held five diamonds," said Fishy. "The only card I could safely discard would be my last spade. Then all declarer has to do is read the situation correctly when West shows out on the second round of diamonds. He cashes his four good diamonds, throws me in with the fifth and I have to give him his ninth trick by leading away from my jack of hearts."

"To get me out of this, all partner had to do was duck the queen of clubs, giving declarer the club trick he has to win later anyway. Or, he could still have saved me by winning the king of clubs and leading back the 7, keeping his jack of clubs until later. The 7 would again be a suit-preference signal clearly telling me his reentry was in spades, and it was unlikely that the squeeze could strangle me with only three rounds of clubs led. Instead, he made me a victim of a cannibal coup."

There is a general lesson to be learned here. Whether you are defender or declarer, if you must give up a trick to the opposition, it usually pays to give it up as early as possible.

END

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Most weekend players find the occasional sidehill lie with the ball below the feet as threatening as if it were a hissing snake. It is a nasty shot, to be sure, but the first thing to overcome is the psychological hazard. This shot can be played successfully. One of two things is likely to happen when the ball is hit: if the club face is closed at address, the ball will be pulled to the left; if the club face is square, the ball will fade to the right. The happier of these alternatives, and the easier to hit, is the fade. The club must be gripped at the very end and the knees flexed sufficiently to bring the body about as close to the ball as it would be for a normal lie. The shot should be aimed to the left of the green. The backswing must be slow and fairly compact. I cannot overstate the importance of good balance. The weight should be kept on the heels and the head kept absolutely still throughout the swing. If the head moves to either side during the shot anything can happen—a shank, a top or even a whiff, which would unhappily force you to try the whole thing all over again. Finally, to help insure solid contact, it is necessary to stay down with the shot until well into the follow-through.

© 1963 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved.
Drawing by Francis Golden



For this sidehill shot the knees should be bent and the weight firmly planted on the heels. The club is gripped at the very end and swung slowly. Since the shot will fade, it must be aimed to the left.

New game in New Mexico

In a few years, if all goes according to plan, southwestern hunters will be stalking exotic animals that few people have even heard of

*Oh, give me a house
Where the great kudus roam
And the oryx and the caribou play . . .*

Before long western hunters may be singing folk songs like this around their campfires in the rugged Canadian River country of New Mexico. The state game department is well along on a program of stocking the steep canyons thereabouts, which are too rough for deer or antelope to play or even live in, with nimble aoudad, or Barbary sheep. The adjacent plains will be the home of fleet gemsbok, fast desert creatures that can go for long periods without water, and in the mountains there are to be strong-necked kudu, with their spectacular corkscrew horns, wary, light-footed ibex, and other exotic game less well known to U.S. hunters than to the solvers of crossword puzzles.

In 1950 New Mexico released 57 aoudad in the Canadian River wilderness. Their native range is in the mountains near the Barbary Coast of North Africa, rocky and desolate country, drier than the Southwest, where the only hunters who take after them are desert tribesmen. Protected in New Mexico, they multiplied. Now there is a thriving population of New Mexican aoudad, numbering in excess of one thousand. Last year the state issued 400 permits to aoudad hunters—the largest public hunt of an exotic animal in the U.S.

The exotic game program, however, has not developed without discouraging words. In fact, discouraging words about "them blined foreign critters" have been rolling around New Mexico as thick as tumbleweeds. There are discouraging words in the form of derisive newspaper editorials, complaints about cost from

continued



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Powder
Antiseptic
Kills fungus, bacteria, and
prevents recurrence of
athlete's foot.

HUNTING continued

ranchers and politicians and criticism from sportsmen and biologists. The complaints continued in the mid-'50s when thousands of chukar partridges were imported from India and Turkey at about \$6 a bird. They grew louder two years ago when Dr. Frank Hibben, a professor of anthropology at the University of New Mexico and an enthusiastic big-game hunter, was appointed chairman of the game commission. Widely traveled, Dr. Hibben had been a safari companion of Tom Bolack, then the state's Republican lieutenant governor, and Hibben had positive ideas on what exotic animals he wanted to import and where he wanted to search for them.

He hunted first for the Nubian ibex, a kind of desert goat native to the Red Sea hills and to remote parts of Ethiopia. The Nubian ibex is small, weighing only around 110 pounds, but with highly prized fluted rocking-chair-shaped horns that reach a length of almost four feet. Dr. Hibben found the Nubian ibex almost extinct in the Red Sea hills, and too difficult to obtain in Ethiopia, but in the course of several trips to Africa and the Middle East he acquired other species. He went on to southwest Africa last June to purchase a herd of gemsbok, a very fleet member of the oryx family whose home on the hot dry plains is in a climate much like that of southwestern New Mexico. There he ordered eight gemsbok at \$1,200 apiece. When he saw that kudu were also available he ordered eight of them at \$1,500 apiece. The Nubian ibex still eluded him, but a Hamburg wild-animal dealer offered the game department six Siberian ibex for \$800 each. The Siberian ibex is far larger than the African or the alpine varieties, with horns measuring nearly five feet. Four of these were delivered to the city zoo at Albuquerque last fall, and two more are due to arrive soon.

A few ranchers grumbled that \$800 was a lot to pay for a goat. A Santa Fe newspaper editorialized that an ibex, despite its monumental horns, was still a goat, and if it could be induced to "graze on the beer cans and used Kleenex which blossom in our woodland recreation areas . . . the game department may have a bigger bargain than it thinks." Then, last fall, a Democratic slate was elected. When the bill for the eight kudu reached the state board of finance just after the election, the outgoing members turned it down because kudus had never

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been authorized. Usually at his first press conference after his election a New Mexican governor is asked pertinent questions on matters involving grave statesmanship, such as which jobholders are going to get the ax. But this time Governor Jack Campbell was asked questions about the oryx and the kudu. "I don't know how far we have gone in committing monies for the importation of these game animals from abroad," he said, "but I think it is something we ought to look at carefully." An ardent fisherman, he then moved on to firmer footing by enthusiastically supporting the stocking of streams.

This was interpreted as doom for the exotic animal program, but Dr. Hibben remained optimistic. "The whole exotic game program will cost us peanuts," he said. "It will be nothing compared to what we spend on our prairie chickens. And even if only one of these animals takes hold, we'll have a new and challenging species for big-game hunters. A new section of the state will profit from hunting. And besides, everyone will have a lot of fun." At its next meeting

the finance board decided to let the game department spend its funds on the kudu. Governor Campbell has not endorsed the program officially, but he reappointed Dr. Hibben to the game commission.

In the background was New Mexico's long struggle with its chukar partridge program. In the years before Dr. Hibben's appointment, New Mexico released 11,300 chukars from India and, when these didn't thrive, tried 13,400 from the slightly cooler areas of Turkey. A few of the latter seem to be breeding in the northwest corner of the state, but their future is in doubt, and after an expenditure of more than \$122,000 the state may never have a chukar season.

Four years ago the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service recommended francolins from India as being more suitable. They are a hardy bird that can endure a temperature range from 15 to 120° Fahrenheit. They can live in areas with as little as eight inches of rainfall a year.

The francolins, very wild and shy birds, were trapped last year in India on a Monday and released in the arid south-

ern areas of New Mexico four days later. Some have been held in the state bird farm for reproduction, but game men feel that one reason for the failure of the chukar program was that the birds became too tame at the farm to thrive on their own when they were released. New Mexico now has the gray francolin, and also a black variety that lives along the banks of irrigation ditches.

Introduction of the francolin brought a protest from Dr. James Findley, a biology professor at the University of New Mexico. "If a foreign species is introduced, it may (a) fairly soon become extinct, (b) explode into an aggressive pestilential problem at the expense of native species and man's interests or (c) establish itself as a useful population. These are listed in order of probability. In other words, most introductions of game animals are unsuccessful, and a few become real problems like the European rabbits, while rarely does a species become useful in its new habitat, as has the ring-necked pheasant."

Dr. Findley urged that money spent on the exotic game program be spent on

continued

**BIG SHOTS
LITTLE TOTS
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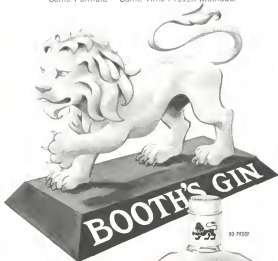


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HUNTING *continued*

native species instead. Elliott Barker, a former director of the game department, replied the state would not have fish to stock the water with if exotic species had not been introduced. "Loch Leven, brook and rainbow trout are EXOTICS," he wrote, emphasizing his point by capitalizing the word. "Bass, crappie, blue gills and pike perch are EXOTICS. Without them, we would have no warm-water species to fish for except catfish."

And the controversy still rages. The most telling argument the pro-exotic group has is the marvelous propagation of the Barbary sheep, released 13 years ago in the Canadian River canyons. The kudu and the gemsbok may provide a more definitive answer. They wintered in Africa, but are now in residence at the Albuquerque zoo. They cannot be turned loose, because a federal law prevents the release of imported hooved animals, but will be kept at the zoo—along with the ibex—for the rest of their lives. However, if all goes well, their offspring will be released.

Levon Lee, the head of the game department's game management division, said the other day, "We have heard violent opposition and militant enthusiasm for these programs. But they require something in between: a lot of careful research. Give us time to see how things work out." He held up an coy skull and horns. "A pair of coyotes had better think twice before tangling with one of these," he said.

Spurred by the New Mexico experiments, interest in exotic game is rising in the U.S. The Chicago Safari Club, for example, is trying to obtain some Arabian coy to breed in this country before the species is extinguished by Arab royalty hunting with machine guns. The hunting pressure on native species is increasing. The familiar ranges of native game animals—and consequently the traditional hunting grounds of U.S. hunters—are shrinking with the growth of our population. Meanwhile, there is concern that in the new nations of Africa whole species of valuable game animals may become extinct through unchecked slaughter. Dr. Hibben is hopeful that various state and private programs will rescue the fast-disappearing exotics, not only for conservation, but for good hunting. "Would it not be ironic," he asked, "if some future African businessman had to come to New Mexico to go on a safari?"

END



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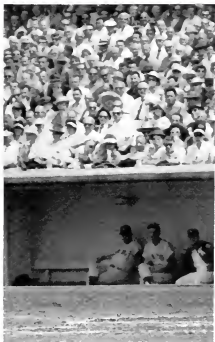
ALBIE PEARSON: THE LITTLEST ANGEL

The center fielder for Los Angeles is a hot dog at the plate and behaves publicly like every small man since Napoleon, so why does he refuse to shoot pool with Bo Belinsky?

by GILBERT ROGIN

The smallest, but far from the least, ballplayer in the major leagues is Albert Gregory Pearson, who bats lead-off and plays center field for the Los Angeles Angels. Albie is 5 feet 5, give or take half an inch. Several nagging biographers insist Albie is really 5 feet 4 7/8, and Albie, citing a statistic on file with The Equitable Life Assurance Society, claims he is actually 5 feet 5 3/8. At either height he is not, by almost two feet, the shortest man ever to play organized baseball. That distinction belongs, of course, to the late Eddie Gaedel, the notorious midget who made a solitary appearance at bat—he walked—for the St. Louis Browns in 1951.

Albie's weight is listed as 141 pounds. However, like many other ballplayers, he has a tendency to gain weight during the off season. "I go up to 142," says Albie. His



neck size is 15 3/4 and his arms are 30 inches long. "I'm built funny," Albie admits. "I think he'll be an archeological find," says Rocky Bridges, the Angels' third-base coach.

In 1958 the Little Guys and Dolls of America, an organization whose membership is limited to those 5 feet 6 and under, voted Albie their Athlete of the Year, but he hasn't heard from them since. "I guess they extricated me or disintegrated me or something," Albie says. But he does get some 200 letters a month from what he calls the "little people." He says one read: "Dear Albie: I want to say that I was very proud when you hit that home run against the Yankees the other day. I went home and told off my big, fat wife. Just keep hitting them so I can be the boss around the house." Alas, hitting homers is not Albie's forte—he has hit but 16 in five seasons in the major leagues.



"My dad always told me not to worry about my size," Albie says. "Two inches aren't very much unless they're on the end of your nose. The only time I feel little is when I have had a bad day. I don't mind having a bad day but I hate to *look* bad. Then I look like a little boy. I hate to look like a little boy. I get paid, but the kids in the Little League can do what I'm doing and they do it for free. I should have been a center in the National Basketball Association."

It has become rather a cliché that Albie Pearson makes up for his lack of size and, consequently, power with hustle and determination. "He doesn't give an inch," notes one observer, "but then he doesn't have too many to give." "The little man never has it made," says Albie. "Baseball primarily is a game of big men, but what the Lord takes away in stature he makes up for by giving the little fellow something else—

that extra drive and heart. Paul Richards, who was my manager when I played for Baltimore, told me that baseball, or anything else that's worthwhile, is like a greased flagpole. If you keep climbing you're not going to get any worse and you may get better, but if you stop you're going to slide right down."

In his dogged ascent Albie has been accused of being a melodramatic player, or a hot dog. "It's difficult for a little man to be humble," he says. "I'm probably the littiest hot dog. I admit it. A little man always looks like he's putting it on. It's basically his nature, for as a small kid he always had to scrap to make his way. Even if he becomes a big-money tycoon he remains feisty. That's always been the common bond between little men. My idol is Napoleon Bonaparte, but my dad told me, 'Son, the real great

continues on



Pearson covers a fraction of the frame and just reaches the rim of 6-foot-4 Baltimore first baseman Jim Gentile.

people in the world are the ones with humility. The greater you become, the more humble you must become.' Sometimes I say or do things that are a little egotistical. Every day of my life I do things I shouldn't do. Then I say to myself, who are you kidding? Relax and cool it. In our era, the era of thermonuclear weapons, rumors of war, what's the use of being a warrior yourself?"

In January 1958, several months before Albie's first season in the majors, he wrote a letter to Cal Griffith, at the time the president of the Washington Senators. "I wish to request permission to attend early camp," it read. "It is extremely important. I need a ton of work on certain parts of my playing. There is no short cut to being a winning ballplayer when you're 5 feet 5. . . ."

Griffith was dismayed when he saw his new outfielder for the first time. "He said I looked like an elf," says Albie—but Albie showed his mettle. He hit .275 and was selected Rookie of the Year. In 1959, partly because of a hernia and a lingering, debilitating cold, Albie's weight dropped to 126, his batting average to .216 and he was traded in mid-season to Baltimore for Lenny Green. He fared little better in 1960, spending half the year with Miami, then an Oriole farm team. When Albie learned that the American League was going to expand, he dashed off another letter, on this occasion to Fred Haney, the Angels' general manager. "Dear Mr. Haney," it read, "I know you're forming a new ball club and I can be had for peanuts. I still can play and I feel I can help you at the gate because I was born in California and I got a lot of relatives. Please consider me."

Shortly thereafter the Angels chose Albie in the expansion draft, and he was in their lineup opening day. He is, in fact, the only Angel to start in all three of the team's opening games. Albie hit .288 in 1961 and .261 in 1962, when he led the league in runs with 115. Last year he set a club record by stealing 15 bases and had more walks, 95, and fewer strikeouts, 36, than any other Angel. He has developed into a sure defensive player, too, especially at home in the broad expanse of Chavez Ravine, and he has a knack for coming up with the ingenious, inspired play. While running between second and third in a game against Washington early this season, for instance, he reached down momentarily with his left hand in an attempt to screen a ground ball that had been hit toward short. "At one time," says Rocky Bridges, "Albie was a novelty act, but last year he found his mark. As a small guy he made himself a big guy."

Albie Pearson, who is 27, was named after another conspicuous little guy, Albie Booth. He doesn't have any of the commonplace vices, his foulest swear word is "rut-link" and his major indulgences are dollar Naveau—he is a first-rate golfer—and a large and modish wardrobe that includes two pairs of \$75 alligator shoes. "They are not elevators," says Albie defensively. His moral fiber, radiant smile and cunning good looks often engender comment. Although he is the darling of the Angels' fans, some players around the league resent his attitudes and successes. "He don't drink,

continues



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LITTLEST ANGEL *continued*

smoke or fool around," says one pitcher. "You can't trust that kind." Others find him a small but perfect target for heckling. They call Albie "the marvelous midget" and tell him to "get a couple more coats of shellac on your teeth." Albie takes the static gracefully. He makes upward of \$20,000 from the Golden West Baseball Company each year. And, as his teammate Bo Belinsky puts it, "A lot of guys look up to the little man."

Albie is a dedicated Baptist and, when he had more time, taught Sunday school. Along with Bobby Richardson of the Yankees, Alvin Dark of the Giants, Jerry Kindall of the Indians, Dave Wickersham of Kansas City and Don Demeter of the Phillies, he is a member of a religiously oriented major league clique. Among the golf trophies on display in Albie's living room in Riverside, Calif. is a miniature cup that Kim, one of his three daughters, won for reciting the 23rd Psalm. "When my kids say grace," Albie says, "they say, 'Dear Lord, bless this food, bless Mommy and Daddy and please help the Angels win and help Daddy get a hit. Amen.' I'm a firm believer in the Bible and the Ten Commandments. I try to live by them without making myself obnoxious. I live my life as an example and I'm not ashamed of it. I want to be careful I don't ruin my image as the little guy's idol. I get letters from mothers telling me how proud they are of me because they haven't seen my picture in a cigarette ad. I'm no prude and I don't knock ballplayers who smoke or drink. I, too, live my life to the fullest, but I do it in a different way. There is something inside of me other than the shell going out and playing baseball. I'm kidded and goaded by the guys to get me in spots unbecoming to the way I believe. The person that puts his standards very high has to be careful. Everybody to his own life. I don't try to push mine, but I'll talk to anyone who's interested in what I'm digging. I admit there are very few."

Early this year Albie asked to room with Belinsky, the Angels' foremost night person. "I thought maybe I could get him in bed early," Albie says, "get him off to a good start." The noble experiment failed. "I got all these phone calls

in the middle of the night," Bo explains. "We talked about his way of life. 'All right, Albie,' I said, 'I'll try your way for two weeks if you'll try mine for three days.' He didn't go for it. I said, 'If you're trying to redeem me you got to make a sacrifice—a sacrifice to the gods.' At first I thought he had some sneaky act on the side, but no one's ever caught him and he made a believer out of me. The way he dresses and acts, though—it's like a virgin bleaching her hair. That's Albie—a virgin with bleached blonde hair! He was teaching me golf. I wanted to teach him a little pool in return. It was no go with the pool action with Albie."

"I wouldn't learn pool," Albie says. "I don't think the atmosphere's becoming. I don't want to get that green tan from the tables. Bo and I like each other, but his interests vary from mine."

Albie's next roommate was Pitcher Don Lee, who is finishing up his master's degree at the University of Arizona. Don, who is known as The Big Water Moccasin, was a more suitable "rooms." "I tried not to disturb him," Don says. "He's small and he burns up a lot of energy, so I know how important sleep is to him. Albie was no trouble. If he got noisy I just stuffed him in a drawer."

It has been said that Albie leads the club in going to the movies when the Angels are on the road. "The only thing I don't like about baseball is traveling," he says. "I'm trying to pioneer a new league. The married guys are the home team, the bachelors the road team. If you get married or divorced you get traded."

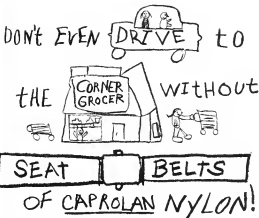
Albie's convictions also affect his fame and fortune. He recently turned down a co-lead in a feature picture called *The Petticoat Pirates*. "It would have meant six weeks in Greece for my family and myself," he says. "I was supposed to play an ensign in the Navy, sit at a bar, laugh, get half drunk, dance around with girls on my arm. It wasn't me, so I couldn't accept it. I respect every man's belief if he's true to his convictions. I don't care if you're the world's worst man, but don't be a hypocrite."

Albie did have a part in *Days in Court*, a television drama, and acted in another TV series, *The Younger Men*, but the show was discontinued before his segment was shown. "I was Frenchy, The Hood," he says. "There was nothing derogatory about the part. What I do is between me and God. That's the world's worst profession—I."

His rigid precepts also helped terminate a modest singing career. He cut two records for Capitol in 1961. He has what he terms "a Steve Lawrence-type" voice. On the first record he sang *I'm Still in Love with You and Ain't Time, Any Day, Anywhere*. "It sold 997,000 copies less than a million," Albie says. On his second record he sang *This Love of Mine and If It's the Last Thing I Do*. It was—the record was never released. "It's my own fault," Albie admits. "They called me in, wanted me to sing rock 'n' roll. I told them I didn't want to do it. I found out right away I wasn't indispensable, and I was dispensed with. Me with my dad-gum high principles! But that's exactly the way I want it. I sing on tune, and if you sing on tune you haven't got a chance unless you're a Sinatra or a Nat Cole. If you holler in the outhouse that's what the kids like. That's where the market is." Albie called the tune at his wedding to Helen Zaha, however. "I sang *Tenderly* to start the procession," he says. "When my bride was coming down the aisle I sang *Because*." Albie is now vice-president and owns 27½% of the stock of an enterprise that doesn't present any ethical conflicts. It is the Mighty Mite Corp., which holds 91 patents on adhesive grips for baseball bats, golf clubs, tennis rackets, ski poles and underwater sports equipment. "It was named by me, as you might have gathered," says Albie.

Contrary to published reports—"There have been a lot of stories done on me, since I'm a freak of nature," he says—Albie was never interested in becoming a jockey, but one winter (1961-62) he was from one to five in the morning a disc jockey on KPRO, a 1,000-watt station in Riverside. "Good morning, all you goofs and innominate," I used to say," Albie recalls. "This is the laziest Angel. If you're nutty enough to

continued



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LITTLEST ANGEL *continued*

stay up this late I'll play you some sounds. If you're hungry, race back and get you some Circus Peanuts.' That was my sponsor. I used to play two records in a row. I called it a double play. When I really got tired I'd play a triple play. That's three records in a row. Sometimes I'd play a whole album. At the end I'd let it run over to see if anyone was awake to phone me. 'Oh, you dears,' I'd say when they did. 'Now, if you're real nice, I'll play you my own record, but I don't want anyone to throw up.' People who did stay up to listen to me had problems and they would phone, too. Before I knew it, it was a lonely hearts club: Cry on My Shoulder with Albie Pearson. I couldn't stand the hours. It was too time-consuming. All I want to do is play golf.'

Although Albie golf's only during the off season, or five months a year, he has a 3 handicap. In January 1962 Albie and Bob McAllister won the Bing Crosby pro-am, Albie giving his team 44 strokes. He won the Baseball Players' Championship in 1958 and was runner-up in 1959 and 1960. 'I'm not proud of anything but winning,' he says. 'I don't like to do anything I can't excel in.' He won three southern California baseball players' tournaments, was first in the Southern California Open Pro-Am with Bob Rosburg last year, shooting a 66-72, and was fourth low amateur in the Open itself with 222. His best competitive round is a seven-under-par 65 at the Indian Wells course in Palm Springs. Until last month it was Albie's ambition to be the first left-handed golfer to win a tournament on the U.S. pro circuit, but Bob Charles dashed this hope when he took the Houston Classic in April. Albie's driver and one-iron are an inch longer than average to give him more arc and clubhead speed, and he claims he out-drives the average pro. He is something of a hot dog on the golf course, too. 'My putter's flown a few miles,' Albie says, 'but not with an airline.' His name does not appear on his golf bag: 'Hustlers don't advertise,' Albie explains. This baffles Rocky Bridges. 'Albie Pearson,' he says, 'is Albie Pearson wherever he

continued



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goes, unless it's Santa Anita. I don't think anyone could ever mistake him for Alex Karras."

Albie is considering becoming a touring pro when he is finished playing baseball. He has no pretensions whatsoever about his ability as a ballplayer. "I never was a star and I never will be," he says. "I fit on the field now but it wasn't always that way. Once—well, I wasn't taken as a freak, but it was, 'He's there, he's not going to hurt you.' If I can be an adequate ballplayer there'll always be a place for me. I'll do the very best I can but comes the time there's someone better. . . ."

If Albie can't make the tour he would like to be part owner of a country club. This month he is moving into a five-bedroom, 3,500-square-foot home that is being built by the second green of the Jurupa Hills Country Club in Riverside. It is a 55-mile commute from Riverside to Chavez Ravine, but Albie finds the long drive beneficial. On the way to the park he prepares himself mentally for the ball game. "There are 162 games," he says, "and you can't bear down for all of them, but the guy that can bear down for the most is the best." If he's had a bad game he lets off steam on the drive home. "I'm a very bad self-critic," he says. "As I drive along I ask myself, who ever told you you could play? If it wasn't for the money I'd quit right now. Then I think, what've you got to moan about? You've got health, a wonderful wife and three kids. You live in a big house, eat good, wear \$75 alligator shoes. You like to keep wearing them so you better play good. I kick the car instead of the family. By the time I'm home I've passed the dish-breaking and chair-throwing stage. I put a Henry Mancini record on the stereo, get my feet up on the couch and I've got the world on a string."

Both Albie's grandfather and his father were prizefighters, but Albie always wanted to play baseball. "I short-leg it to the fights on the field," he says. "I hope someone grabs me and pulls me away. Sometimes I pick out a big guy who isn't too excited, and we put on a little show. Once Hank Bauer lifted me off the ground by my shirt as I ran to

(continued)

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LITTEST ANGEL continued

get in the pile. "That's far enough, little man," he told me. "Hank, I wasn't going to flail. Do you think I want to get killed?"

When Albie was, in a manner of speaking, growing up in El Monte, Calif., he improved his strength and athletic proficiency in the privacy of his backyard. He would throw a brick for distance and fling a dirt clod against the wall of the Pearson garage for accuracy. He dug a broad-jump pit and built a high-jump standard. "I was an only child," he says. "There was nothing else to do. But I only did these things when no other kid was around. I didn't want to be outdone." When he was 12 Albie weighed 62 pounds and stood 4 feet 5. His worried parents—Albie's father is 5 feet 5, his mother 5 feet 1—took him to a specialist, and for three years he received three-weekly shots of testosterone to stimulate his growth. "If I hadn't had the injections I'd probably be 5 feet 2," Albie says. "I wasn't allowed any sweets, either—they hinder growth and metabolism. I was permitted one sundae a week but I snuck a little bit, that's why I'm not 5 feet 7."

Albie won 13 letters at El Monte High: four in baseball (he was a pitcher-outfielder) four as a football halfback, three in track (he ran the 100 in 9.9), and two in basketball. "I wasn't any good in basketball," Albie admits. "The only reason I got the letters is that I played the last three minutes of most of the games and usually got two fouls trying to get the ball." Although he was 23-6 as a high school pitcher, had an 0.83 ERA and batted .506 his senior year, the big league scouts overlooked or ignored him. He did, however, get two football scholarship offers, from Cal Poly and Pacific University in Forest Grove, Ore.—he was skilled at returning kicks and punting. Albie rejected the scholarships and went to Mt. San Antonio College in nearby Pomona, where he lasted less than a semester. "I never took a schoolbook home in my whole life," he says. One afternoon he was sitting in a psychology class and moaning out the window when the professor spoke to him: "Mr. Pearson, are you more interested in psychology or in that athletic field outside the

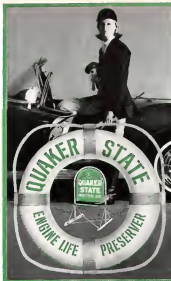
window?" Replied Albie: "I'm more interested in the athletic field. Excuse me, I'm going to go out and sign a baseball contract."

In January 1953 he was sent a blank contract by the Boston Red Sox, Tom Downey, the scout who took a gamble on him, told Albie that if he wasn't willing to sign the contract he could just as well throw it in the wastebasket. "I was afraid they wouldn't give me another chance," Albie says. "I realized this was the way it had to be. They only sent me the contract because I wanted to play so badly and because I'd be an attraction in C ball." Albie signed and received \$225 a month to play for San Jose in the California League. He never made it to the Sox—in January 1958 he was traded to Washington with Norm Zauchin for Pete Runnels—but he did get the good counsel of another one of his idols, Ted Williams. "I tried to do everything he did," Albie recalls. "He told me I wasn't him."

Im a homebody," Albie Pearson says with feeling. "Some other guys might have a big, royal ball when they're on the road but I have mine at home when we all fish, swim and golf together. My 8-year-old has a mean golf swing, baby. My daughters could all swim before they were 21 months old. I don't mind not having a son. The Pearson name sure ain't going to go down in history like my idol, Napoleon's." Besides Albie and Helen, the Pearson ménage includes his father and mother, daughters Kim Michelle, 8, Karol Lynn, 6, Kandi René, 4½, and Angel-O, a German shepherd. The girls' pony, K's Boy, is stabled down the road. Misser Sister, a cat, had to be given away because he—originally thought to be she—got put down by Angel-O.

When he has the chance, Albie gets the children together and tells them all a bedtime story. "Their favorite is one I made up," he says. "I must have told it to them 15 times, but they still want to hear it. It's called 'The Little Horse with a Gimp Leg but a Great Heart Who Ended up Winning the Kentucky Derby.' It's about this farmer who owned a little horse that had one leg shorter than his

continued



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by PARKE CUMMINGS

How to Make a Champion out of a 4-year-old

In one of those generalities distasteful enough to be true we are often told that to become a champion in certain sports it is important to get off to an early start. The generalizers argue that as the twig is bent so is the bough inclined, and that the child is father to the man. But then, intoxicated by their wit, they push the idea past the point of good sense, and what they mean by an early start becomes fantastic, if not horrible.

Take figure skating. From the literature on the subject you'd think that the typical champion was able to skate before he or she could walk. On swimming. Children are now taught to swim at about the same time they have mastered the scatter rug—or nonaquatic—crawl. Babies barely out of the diaper stage have hails tossed at them—in order to quicken their reactions. The day may come when a youngster is given a fiber-glass vaulting pole for his third birthday.

I bring up this subject of starting off the play-school—or pre-play-school—set in sports because I have had considerable experience, although I'll confess I have developed no champions. But I can still remember working out with my own youngsters, and since then I have tried to get various nieces and nephews off on the right foot. Friends—on what theory I have never been able to unravel—also come to me for advice on how to get Junior or Susie started.

For what it is worth, here are the results that painful experience has taught me to expect. I address this, of course, to fathers, because the head of the household is the logical candidate for instilling sports-mindedness in his offspring even though he may have a mate who can make a monkey out of him at badminton or fancy diving.

BOXING. Every red-blooded father owes it to his boy to teach him the manly art of self-defense. The kid doesn't have to be developed into a heavyweight champion, but he should at least learn to beat up the girl across the street the next time

she tries to snatch his cap. Here is what to do: Get down on your knees, thereby reducing your height advantage over Buster—who is, let us say, 4 years old. Assume a boxing stance, and instruct him to do likewise. Now give him a very gentle pat—I said *very*—on the chest.

Buster's lips will quiver momentarily, and he will then run to his mother, screaming, "Daddy hit me, and I didn't do nothing!" Straighten out your wife on what happened—and you might subsequently try to straighten out Buster on his grammar.

FOOTBALL. This modern razzle-dazzle forward passing is all very well, but the meat and potatoes of football still remain tackling and getting used to being tackled. Concentrate on this at the start. Instruct Buster to wrap his arms around your knees and push. When he does so, topple over with a crash, and exclaim, "Gee, you're strong!" He will bellow with glee.

Now wrap your arms around Buster's knees, and then—*very* gently push him over. He will run to his mother, screaming, "Daddy knocked me down, and I didn't..." (See *BOXING*, above.) This would seem to indicate that Buster isn't cut out for contact sports. (Note: On rare occasions in the first situation, when Buster tackles you, instead of laughing he may run to his mother, screaming, "I hurted Daddy and I'm afraid he's going to die!" In that event he is very definitely not cut out for football—or anything more competitive than *parcours*.)

BASISBALL. This consists of three basic elements—throwing, batting and catching—which we shall take up in that order. Go to a field at a safe distance from your house, hand Buster the ball and direct him to throw it at you. He will do so promptly. If able to get up and stand erect without writhing, explain to him that a player doesn't throw the ball with all his might at a teammate unless the latter is a reasonable distance away—more than two steps, in any event.

continued

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Now hand the little fellow a bat, instruct him how to swing, and toss the ball to him. He will start his swing after the ball has passed five feet behind him. Now instruct him how to speed up his swing, and you'll find that he gradually increases his tempo until he completes it five feet before the ball gets to him. This proves how quickly kids adjust.

Take the bat away from him, put a glove on his hand and tell him how to hold out his hands to catch the ball. Make another gentle toss. Buster's hands will remain absolutely immobile—just where he originally held them—and the ball, which you failed to deliver accurately, will hit him in some part of the anatomy. His reaction will parallel that of the boxing experiment, the only difference being that his mother may not learn of it. This is what we meant when we said to conduct this experiment at a "safe" distance from the house.

TENNIS. This game should not be taught until your boy has mastered the elementaries of batting—which he should in two or three more sessions of baseball practice, provided they're not supervised by you. Go to a tennis court and take along two dozen tennis balls—old ones, unless your income is in six figures. Stroke the balls to Buster and you'll be absolutely amazed how his power and reactions have improved. He will hit the ball over a backstop on the average of once in every three tries.

The session is terminated when all balls have been lost in tall grass or underbrush—or discovered in terrain infested with ground hornets. On the way home you could try to explain once more that home runs in tennis don't count.

SWIMMING. One modern swimming theory holds that youngsters should just be heaved without any folderol into water over their heads, and be made to shift for themselves on the age-old principle of sink or swim. Try it out. If you happen to be wearing your best Madison Avenue suit at the time, instead of bathing trunks, this may give you an opportunity to ponder whether this theory holds water, or whether water holds Buster. And it could also give you a line on whether your suit is as unshrinkable as the makers claim.

BULLFIGHTING. To develop a matador—on second thought, it might be better to wait until your youngster is a little older before trying to get him off on the right foot in sports—18, perhaps. **END**

other three. The farmer was going to shoot the little horse because he wasn't good for anything very much. But one day a little, tiny boy saw the farmer carrying his gun and said, 'Please, mister, don't shoot. I'll buy your little horse. I've got \$1.98.' 'Take him away, boy,' the farmer said, pocketing the money. 'Get him off my farm.' Now, the little horse had two brothers and a sister, and they all laughed as the little boy led their brother away, and the little horse was very sad of eye. The little boy and the little horse soon became great buddies and the boy trained him for the races all by himself. He couldn't run very fast with his funny, gimpy little gallop, but he could run forever. He could run and run, and he wouldn't even be breathing hard. He had a great heart. The boy entered him in six-furlong races and he finished last. He entered him in mile races and he finished last. There were never long enough races and he always finished last. The boy put him in a mile-and-a-quarter race at Santa Anita and he finished last—but he started to come on. He timed him for two miles and it was a tremendous time. The boy then took him to the off-beat tracks at fair grounds and places like that and won enough money with him to get up the \$1,600 entry fee for the Kentucky Derby. In my story the Kentucky Derby is a two-mile race.

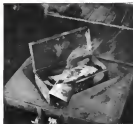
'So there he was in the Derby with the boy on his back, and who was alongside him in the starting gate? That's right, his two brothers and his sister. I make that up, too. Of course, they all laughed to see him there. 'You don't belong here,' they said. 'Go away. You're nothing but a mutt.' When I get to this part my kids got real mad. The gate opens and his brothers and sister laugh some more as they go flying by the little horse. Pretty soon he's 30 lengths off the pace. But when he hits the 1/8 pole he makes his move—and here he comes! His brothers and his sister look at him with their eyes real big as he flies by them to win the Kentucky Derby.

'The story has two endings. The first is—but he ran so hard his heart burst but he was a champion. 'Don't, Daddy,' my kids say when I tell them that ending, and they cry. So I tell them the second ending—but the little horse with the gimpy leg had run his last race and he was returned to the boy's farm where they put up a statue of him. Now the boy has thousands of horses in his stable and he is a millionaire, but he started out with a little horse with a gimpy leg. And there's a moral: No matter how short you are or how tall or whatever handicap you have, a gimpy leg or only one eye, keep trying. For the one that keeps trying always ends up on top.'

END



The youngest of Pearson's three daughters, Kaori Rent, neglects her doll to give her daddy a great big hug.



Why Mrs. White never lights the oven any more - without looking inside first

Irene White of Oakland, Maine, still tells this one on her husband, Clayton.

It seems that on moving day Clayton thought it would be a good idea to put his Savings Bonds and other valuable papers in a safe place. He picked the oven.

Like most safe places, it was completely forgotten. Until next morning when they lit the stove—and Clayton smelled something burning.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER "Hey, Notty," yelled the Phillies' Wes Covington last Saturday, "I hear you went to the bank this morning." Indeed, Donald Edward Nottbart had gone to the bank—so deposit a \$1,000 check awarded the Houston Colt pitcher by Oilman-Owner Bob Smith. What Nottbart had done the night before was pitch a no-hitter against the Phillies. Though Nottbart gave up an unearned run and did not throw a single curve, he threw 109 assorted slides, sliders and slip pitches so effectively that only Tony Gonzalez hit one with any zip and that straight to a waiting outfielder. Catcher John Bateman did not even know, until the ninth inning, that his battery mate was working on a no-hitter; then Bateman became so nervous he could hardly give the signs. "You'll never make it," Phillie Manager Gene Mauch yelled over to Nottbart in the seventh. "You'll never make it," he yelled over again in the eighth. "You'll never—" Covington popped up for out No. 27.



DON NOTTBART

THE TEAM Houston, beaten 20 times in 22 futility-ridden games against Philadelphia, decided to be prepared when the Phillies came to town last week. The Colt 45s called upon Two Shillclagh O'Sullivan and Knobnose O'Callahan, local servers of a sort—who fortunately did not count against the 25-man roster—to put the whammy on the Phillies. Philadelphia won 5-2. Now if O'Sullivan and O'Callahan are unable to win for you, nothing can. That—nothing—is precisely what Don (Notty) Nottbart gave the Phillies the next day (see above). With the spell broken, Houston beat the Phillies a second time when Ken Aspromonte hit a ninth-inning sacrifice fly—the same Aspromonte who earlier in the week had kept a six-game winning streak alive with a 10th-inning homer against the Cubs. More than anything, though, it was superb pitching that enabled Houston to win eight of 10 games and move out of last place. During one stretch, Colt pitchers threw a two-hitter, a three-hitter, a four-hitter and three five-hitters, most of this uncollapsible pitching being produced by Dick Farrell, Hal Woodeshick, Olick Drett, Bob Bruce, Jim Umbricht, Ken Johnson and Nottbart.

THE PLAYER "I love to play the Yankees because I figure the best way to the top is through the top," said Leon Wagner of Los Angeles. Wagner hit two homers against the Yankees one night last week, but still the Angels lost. And although the Angels have been losing more often than winning, this has hardly been Wagner's fault. He leads the league in both average (.358) and home runs (10). If Wagner has any fault it is that he sometimes gropes for fly balls. After being fished for glasses he said, "With one set of 'focals I saw two ants kissin' on a telephone pole a mile away." But it was the fans, watching Wagner's long home run last week, who really needed glasses. He hit one against the White Sox to celebrate his 29th birthday (May 13), another against Boston and two against the Yankees. None were the result of corrective lenses; Wagner discovered right away that he could still see pitchers at 60 feet 6 inches with the naked eye even if he couldn't spot ants at a mile.



LEON WAGNER

THE TEAM Neither Las Vegas, where the interest in baseball is strictly financial, nor Boston, where it is emotional, were quite prepared for developments in the American League this year. Both, however, were quick to react to a New England phenomenon that hasn't been seen since 1952, namely, the Red Sox in first place in May. The Vegas crowd generously offered 300 to 1 in March against the possibility that the Red Sox might win a pennant. Last week they glanced at the standings and suddenly decided that 15 to 1 was more like it. And Boston fans, who have always professed undying love for their Sox, switched off their TV sets and came whooping and booing back to Fenway Park. It was Dave Morehead, Earl Wilson, Frank Malzone and Lou Clinton who got the whoops, and it was Dick Stuart who got the boos, but all were big men in Boston's five wins last week. Morehead threw a one-hitter, and Wilson a two-hitter. Malzone rained the Senators with two home runs. And Stuart, taking dead aim on that left-field wall, hit a grand-slam home run and a three-run homer in a doubleheader sweep of the Angels. Clinton, nursing a hitless streak (0 for 19), suddenly went berserk with 9 for 14.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK

	W	L	BA	HR	SB	LOB	DP	ERA
LOS ANGELES	5	2	.256	2	4	37	5	3.53
HOUSTON	5	2	.227	0	9	48	5	2.79
SAN FRANCISCO	4	2	.208	8	3	28	3	3.12
MILWAUKEE	4	2	.188	0	4	43	4	3.12
PHILADELPHIA	4	3	.218	1	3	57	6	2.96
CINCINNATI	3	4	.271	3	3	53	5	5.10
NEW YORK	3	3	.232	0	4	44	3	3.68
CHICAGO	2	3	.219	0	0	38	7	4.62
ST. LOUIS	2	3	.260	8	1	52	4	4.41
PITTSBURGH	1	6	.224	1	1	51	8	3.02

THE SEASON*

	WTS	WTS per 9 INS	HRs ALLOWED
SAN FRANCISCO	2 with 46	Sandoz 6.72	3 with 5
LOS ANGELES	Farris 46	Koussas 4.73	Drysdale 5
ST. LOUIS	Quast 52	Begley 4.18	Talbot 2
CHICAGO	Sandoz 46	Flower 5.28	Bull 2
MILWAUKEE	Aaron 45	Lemonick 6.13	Burdette 14
CINCINNATI	2 with 38	Kubacki 3.55	2 with 7
PITTSBURGH	2 with 33	Schwall 6.75	2 with 5
PHILADELPHIA	Gremmer 37	Koppelman 4.75	Haythley 9
WASHINGTON	Temple 36	Farrell 5.90	Farrell 5
NEW YORK	April 32	Wiley 5.87	Jackson 10

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	BA	HR	SB	LOB	DP	ERA
NEW YORK	4	1	.314	2	3	29	3	1.76
BALTIMORE	3	0	.284	2	3	37	3	1.80
KANSAS CITY	3	2	.208	0	2	25	2	1.03
BOSTON	2	2	.179	0	4	47	0	2.17
CLEVELAND	3	3	.338	4	3	28	7	5.17
CHICAGO	3	3	.244	5	3	35	3	3.09
MINNESOTA	2	3	.230	0	0	29	2	3.30
LOS ANGELES	2	3	.273	8	1	50	2	6.05
WASHINGTON	2	2	.167	0	4	53	14	4.82
DETROIT	1	4	.328	4	1	38	3	5.75

	WTS	WTS per 9 INS	HRs ALLOWED
BOSTON	Schilling 42	Morehead 4.50	McGuinness 5
BALTIMORE	Robinson 42	Pappas 6.57	Roberts 4
CHICAGO	Fox 41	Whitely 4.76	Tucker 4
NEW YORK	Brace 39	Brace 6.91	Tate 2
KANSAS CITY	2 with 38	Katzen 5.44	Burdette 14
CLEVELAND	2 with 31	McGuinness 2.11	2 with 7
LOS ANGELES	Wagner 46	Robide 6.70	Reynolds 8
DETROIT	Katzen 41	Bunning 7.76	Agnew 8
MINNESOTA	Alfonso 39	Sigman 6.24	Farral 5
WASHINGTON	Prince 42	Cheney 4.52	Bunaghi 10

*through Saturday, May 18

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BREXITALS—After 17 years in Syracuse, the NATIONALS were sold for \$500,000 to a Philadelphia business syndicate. The team, who finished second behind Detroit in the American League, will play this year's 500,000 loss year. President and General Manager Daniel Bussell was threatened with a suit by the Orioles in the Orioles' (the team's) home court) and in an action that might have been the last time was asked to move out of his office.

At the half-way mark of the world basketball championships in Rio de Janeiro, the competition that involved the game was virtually eliminated from contention. Yugoslavia and Brazil both defeated the gold medal team, the United States, along with last year's winner Brazil, remained unbeaten to lead the round-robin tournament.

BOYFOLLS RACING—Playing in style at night, JACQUES ANQUETIL of France controlled the 1,500-mi. Tour of Spain race from beginning to end and pedaled into Madrid ahead of some 100 remaining opponents. Anquetil, 28, is the only man who has won all three major races—France (1961), Italy and Spain. Anquetil's cautious, conservative approach to racing has won him more than \$100,000 a year but infuriates the crowd, who love to hate him.

BOKING—Brazil's undefeated EDER JOFRE kept his record unblemished and his world heavyweight title intact when Johnny Jenkins of the Philippines failed to answer the bell for the 12th round in a 15-round championship bout in Manila. It was the 35th knockout for the undefeated, who has won 45 fights while drawing three.

GOLF—After Doug Sanders withdrew, only two of the top 10 leading money winners remained in the \$15,000 Oklahoma City Open. DON FAIRFIELD, taking advantage of a good situation, won his first tournament in nearly three years with a eight-under-par 180. John Boren, fifth in the money, had a perfect 180, finished second, one stroke back, while the other representative, Jerry Bob Charlton (par 21) ended up 20th with a 210 score and collected \$555, enough to boost him from 10th to ninth place in the standings.

HARBOR RACING—In a field still kept small by the coaching-boats epidemic, STEPHAN SMITH (16, 20) turned past the other five boats in the 1000-meter race to win the \$50,000 National Championship Race at Yonkers. Favorite Henry T. Adams was second, a length and a half behind Royal Rock.

HORSE RACING—The big three were in a race, but this time CANDY SPOTS (13), with Willie Shoemaker in the mud, pulled away and won the \$100,000 Preakness by a comfortable 3½ lengths (see page 27). Derby Winner Chateaugay, with Brian Burke up, finished second, 4½ lengths ahead of never third, ridden by Manuel Ycaza.

Former Team Star Elmore Bern's SPICY LIP, INC. (132), with Jimmy Condit aboard, sailed in the stretch and easily won the \$60,150 Acorn Stakes in New York. The 3-year-old, who was second in the last leg of the Triple Crown for Fillies, with Lamb Chop a close third. Favorite Simon De, an early contender, wound up 10th.

On a hot track in Garden State, RED BELLE (37), with Bill Boland in the saddle, scored by shying over the finish line of the season by winning the \$20,000 Colonial Handicap. Mark Mendel went second, 2 lengths back, with Parol Women third.

LEAGUE—Updated NAVY scored its fourth straight National Collegiate title by punting in 19 points to the University of Baltimore's team in its first straight victory in six years. Meanwhile, at Baltimore the UNIVERSITY CLUB trapped Mike Washington in 11 games winning 10-6.

ROWING—In its final appearance in U.S. waters, the high-sailing club from BADEN, Germany, achieved a double (for the first time since winning the world championship last summer) at the hands of IBCA champion Cornell as the Badens rowed to a comeback to beat the Big Red by a length in the final of the men's double scull event. Yale, Princeton, Wake Forest, Brown and Syracuse followed in that order (see page 33).

In the final of the Western sprint, IBCA runner-up WASHINGTON scored a pair of 1-2 finishes by the 1.5 seconds as both beat the invading Pan-Am champion from British Columbia.

In a high school one race, WASHINGTON-LIE (Arlington, Va.) won the famed Statutory Cup for the sixth time in seven years on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River.

SPEED RECORDS—"Where I see we were headed, a record," said Drew Lee, 20, who was the 30-year-old veteran was trying the boat for an month on Donald Campbell's water-powered record, where a broken motor was the \$100,000 (and) water out of control, out of the water and onto the shore of Michigan's Lake Huron. Campbell, in Australia, CAMPBELL himself was healthy but also drowned in trying to break a world mark—the land-speed record. The speed record was set on a 1000-hp covered by ankle-deep water, and all hands worked on getting the partly submerged 35.5-meter boat on the land and the car surrounded by water, the water-speed and land-speed records remained intact.

TEAMS—Owen gave the Australian helped off with all the silver by making a clean sweep of the Italian Championships in Rome. Antony MULLIGAN stopped Bore Foreman of Yugoslavia.

via 6-2, 6-4, 6-3, 6-6 for the men's side. Earlier in the tournament Foreman had scored the biggest upset by beating Italy's top singles player, Nicola Pietrangeli, and defeating the No. 1 amateur, Boris Becker, both in straight sets. In an All-Africa final, MARGARET SMITH won a quarter final by defeating Louie Tomlin 6-1, 6-0. In the women's doubles, ROBIN EBERHART won the women's doubles, while countrymen FRID STOLLE and BOB BEWITT beat the Italian Davis Cup doubles team of Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola for the men's crown.

TRUCK & FIELD—No world record was even attempted in this year's thrilling COLISEUM STAKES in Los Angeles. New Zealand's recently married Peter Lovell, the world's most recent holder, was again in a disappointing 4:00.3 time. He finished New Zealand's Olympic champion Murray Halliday at 5:00.00 meters in a slow 1:57.4, while Australia's own took the lead in 3:02.2, setting an even world mark of 3:04.5.

In college outdoor races, HOWA edged Wisconsin for its first Big Ten title. Kansas, which has dominated the Big Eight Conference since 1957, won its 10th title in 12 years, and LOUISIANA STATE, announced its 19th Southeastern Conference championship and seventh for Coach Al Morton, who returns this season after 15 years.

MILFORD—DIED ERNE DAVIS, 23, one of college football's most popular stars and the only player to win its highest award—the Heisman Trophy, of leukemia, of leukemia, of leukemia. He was an All-America halfback at Syracuse. Davis (par 24) was signed by the Browns in 1962, and the next season was named for the team's number (43) has been named.

DIED GRACIEL FITZ, 48, a big-game hunter, naturalist author and dramatic stage manager have often charmed the pages of his magazine (SI, Sept. 28, 1957, at 100), of a heart ailment, in New York.

DIED FRED JOHNSON, 74, the one-armed Harlem comic professional is basic most famous pupil was Alfred Gibson, of a heart ailment, in New York.

DIED DR. JOHN W. JACK, WILCOX, 77, former Ohio State football star (1913-1920), a member of the Hall of Fame and, until 1951, professor of clinical and preventive medicine and director of the university's Health Service, of a heart ailment, at Westerville, Ohio.

DIED DR. ORVILLE, 76, whom a sports columnist once called, "one of the most famous characters whose lives sound like an incredible movie script," after surgery in New York. O'Rourke transferred to the University of California, Berkeley, where he won a basketball championship, and among other things, was a Texas Ranger, boxer, World War hero, sports promoter and writer.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

28—Staff: Harrison Black, 28; 33—Bob Peterson; 37—D. Frank Wilson; 42, 43—Pete Roth; 44—Natalia; 73—The Staff; 77—right, Bob Roth; 78—Los Angeles, 79, 80—Gulfstream-Murphy, 81, 82—AP, 83.

FACES IN THE CROWD

AUDREY MAELED, 31, locally famous as a "real holler guy" in Nevada baseball circles, is the first girl member of her Mayfair school anti-racism team. The youngster, who gave up ballet for basketball, hopes to carry her fight for athletic integration right on to junior high school.



ANDY MARZIGH, 37, of Long Beach, Calif., after only a year on the tour, has given the top pins of the Professional Bowlers Association a run for the prize money. He finished the winter-spring tour with earnings of \$21,863 and might well emerge as Bowler of the Year.



WILLIE DAWSON of Memphis, Tenn., celebrated his 16th birthday four days late by running the 100-yard dash in 9.4 to tie the school-boy mark first set by Jesse Owens in 1935. Competing for only a few years, he was hampered last season by a leg injury.



TOM BLODGETT, 24, of Bridgewater, Mass., a former Harvard student now studying at Cambridge, paced the Centurians to victory over Oxford in their 5th track and field meet. He won four events, set records in three and ended the day blundered but happy.



DAN TEHAN, now serving his fourth four-year term as a Hamilton County (Cincinnati) sheriff, has been enforcing law and order on a difficult field for even longer. He recently was named as an official of the National Football League for a record 34th season.



KEN WIDMAN, a 19-year-old pitcher for the State University of New York in Farmingdale, shattered all marks by striking out 32 men in a game that went 18 innings. The victory pushed him in the finals of the National Junior College tourney and left Ken with a 7-1 season record.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

WALT'S FAULTS

Sirs:

Your article, *The Trouble with Walter* (May 13), was excellent. I think the Dodger fans are mad at Alston because our Giants beat him last year. The Dodgers blew the pennant, and the fans will never forgive Alston for that. However, I think he did his best in the last week of the season and in the playoffs with what he had to work with. It was bad play by the Dodgers that gave the Giants the pennant. As the article stated, the Dodgers don't have the ballplayers they had a decade ago. That was proved when, in the last game of the playoffs, in the top of the ninth, the Dodgers blew a double play that could have won the pennant for them. Now is that Alston's fault?

RICH RONSHIMER

San Rafael, Calif.

Sirs:

I believe you were wrong in your judgment of the team itself. I believe that Walter Alston is a poor manager. He has not impressed too many fans, including myself, with his judgment. I believe that Alston stays with a pitcher long enough to see him get shelled, and after the game is completely lost he decides to take the guy out. I do not believe that the injury to Koufats cost the Dodgers the pennant. In their last week of play of the 1962 season they had all so-called soft-touch teams to play. When the team started to flounder Walter could not and would not try to fire them up for fear that the pressure might be too much for the players because they were so young. When I played ball our coach didn't take that attitude and that was in high school. I am a staunch Dodger fan but I am absolutely sure that Alston could not do the job that Bill Rigney did with the Angels last year or that Gene Mauch did with the Phils. I am sure that with Walter at the helm, the Angels would have been no higher than fifth last year. I think Pete Reiser would make a good choice for manager.

FRED BAPFELKE

Glendale, Calif.

Sirs:

You have written some prejudicial articles about this particular group of Dodgers before, but this one takes the cake. Take a look at the record. The members of this L.A. team only collected, last year, such honors as Most Valuable Player (Wills), a record stolen-base total (Wills), the majors' leading batter and RBI producer (T. Davis), the majors' best pitcher (Drysdale), not to

mention that when he was outfielded Koufats was on his way to topping Feller's strikeout record. I could go on and mention that W. Davis is, without a doubt, considered the fastest man in the game, and Rebeck and Perranoski are right at the top among relievers. The Dodgers also drew more fans than any other club in the majors. I know they didn't win the pennant but, Mr. Creamer, if they had won it, the league would have demanded they be broken up and passed around among the other teams because of their creation of a monopoly.

JAMES PEARSE

Quincy, Iowa

Sirs:

After reading and listening to the continual chipping at Alston over the years it is a pleasure to see in print what most competent baseball men feel to be true: that it is the ball club that loses, not the manager.

Author Creamer and the Dodgers exhibit more class and obviously more knowledge about baseball than do the fans and critics who denigrate Alston.

ALEX McLEOD

Newport Beach, Calif.

CUB CLUB

Sirs:

Just a darn minute. Who in Sam Hill has the nerve to say that the Cubs are "unwanted, unloved and unpopular" (*Baseball's Weekly*, May 13)? If he were to take a poll he would find that Cub fans are the most devoted, loyal and faithful group associated with major league baseball.

I have been a Cub fan since I was knee high to Big Bill Lee, and they have never fallen into any one of the three classifications listed in your article. Every year since we last won the National League flag in 1945 Cub fans have been saying this will be the year! If we can stay away from injuries we are all sure that this is going to be it!

All the members of the Waupun Cub Club join with the other Cub fans across the country in hoping that your writer will choke on crow feathers come September.

JOHN O. KIRKPATRICK

Waupun, Wis.

BUTTENDOWN BALLPLAYER

Sirs:

Speaking as a longtime Yankee booster and fan, enduring slings and arrows of outraged foes of the Yankees, I feel that I have a certain right, my duty, to take exception to your May 13 article concerning one Tony Kubek (*A Rational Rebel in Pin-*



That's my boy!

State semi-finals. Overtime, score tied. An opening . . . a quick shot from midcourt, and we're in! My oldest boy, Mike, made that winning basket, and thanks to my Honeywell Pentax, I captured all the excitement of that crucial victory on film.

Until I got my Pentax, we had to be satisfied with an occasional newspaper shot of Mike in action. Then I learned how easy it is to make really good action shots with that great little camera. Someday, when Mike's kids start thinking about a spot on the neighborhood team, he'll be able to show them how their old man helped win one of the big ones.

It's pretty hard to think of another hobby that offers such rewards, isn't it?



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WORLD'S RECORD

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Racing buff, Doc Jones, didn't see it that way. An engine with enough "oomph" to handle an outboard cruiser like a ski boat ought to do something else. Like turning a geared-up racing prop.

On Sept. 16, 1960, Hu Entrop put Doc's theory to the test. He heaved his hydroplane, powered by a 75 hp V-4 Evinrude engine, for the taut traps. He clocked an official 122.979 miles per hour. The record still stands.

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But, that's a chance worth taking.

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EVINRUDE
FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

19TH HOLE *continues from*

stripes). Let me quote: "I don't knock the game, but you don't need to be brilliant to play it" and, "A lesser talent would have been sentenced to a Yankee dungeon long before now."

Now, in all candor, how can a guy with a .184 batting average (as of May 11) make such statements? A certain amount of bravado and optimism may be tolerated from an outstanding performer such as Ted Williams, but to suffer these same words from a .184 hitter is just too much. Please, Kubek, just hit the ball and shut up already.

I. E. BRACKIN

Maryville, Tenn.

Sirs:

It is regrettable that Tony Kubek did not avail himself of a free college education, he might not be so "brilliant" now. My prediction: Tony will soon be the "clubhouse lawyer" of the Kansas City Athletics.

JOHN B. SULLIVAN

Westville, Ind.

Sirs:

It is interesting to learn that there are a few bullplayers, at least, who are intelligent enough to view their profession in its proper perspective. I admire Kubek for speaking his mind honestly and intelligently.

PETER MARK

Boston

MAIL TO THE CHIEF

Sirs:

While the May 13 issue presents the usual good account of the Kentucky Derby Whitey Tower wins each year (*The Derby Victor: Power*), I missed the news of Whitey himself. As outgoing president of the National Turf Writers Association I should like to remind you that our organization feels we have made an excellent choice by electing Mr. Tower our new president.

NELSON FISHER

Turf Editor

The San Diego Union

San Diego

GOLDEN GEESSE

Sirs:

Your article, *The Intolerable Squeeze* (May 6), was a gem. The goose that laid the golden egg is slowly being executed.

It is hard to wonder that more and more people are turning to sports other than horse racing for their risk entertainment. When one bets on a baseball, football or basketball game, he goes against percentages from 2½% to 10%, depending on the bookie, the competition, etc. Against the confederacy, inhuman mutual machines, however, he is bucking from 15% to 20%, emphasizing the fact that not only must all horseplayers die broke, but they don't do too well while they are living.

A realistic solution would be off-track betting with 4½% to the bookmaker and 0½% divided among state, county and municipalities. The track itself would be relieved of all tax liabilities and would retain the full 10%, take for the expenses of their own operation. If this 10½% would not be enough, the track could be given 1½% of all off-track betting.

HOLLAND BERGH

New Orleans

Sirs:

May I point out that you overlooked Del Mar in referring to nonprofit tracks? The Del Mar Turf Club pays 90% of its net profits annually to Boys, Inc., a nonprofit, charitable corporation. As anyone who comes to the track can see by the breakdown of the betting dollar that appears in the Del Mar program each day, Boys, Inc. received \$458,898 as its 90% share in 1961. The amount for 1962 was somewhat higher.

EDDIE RYAN

Assistant to the President

Del Mar Turf Club

Del Mar, Calif.

ICE BERGH

Sirs:

Hein Bergh said a lot that should have been said long ago (*Heilcome Ahead or Are You?* May 13). But, contrary to what she may think or find aboard her 40-footer, all craft smaller than the *Queen Mary* do not take ice on in 25-pound chunks. They often take it in 50-pound glaciers.

Also, the guest who takes to chopping up these essential monster ice cubes may not be too popular if that same ice was expected to last three to five days as a sole means of refrigeration.

Skippers, beware the question, "Where's the ice pick?"

J. J. SILVER

Bethlehem, Pa.

OPEN FORUM (CONT.)

Sirs:

I note your comment regarding the defense of Billy Talbert and his record as Davis Cup captain during 1953-57 (SL, May 6 *et seq.*). In 1955 at Forest Hills, when we were the defending champions, the U.S. lost 5-0 notwithstanding the fact that the team was composed of Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas and Hamilton Richardson. Trabert that year won both Wimbledon and the U.S. championships while Seixas had previously won Wimbledon in 1953 and the U.S. in 1954.

The point that Mr. Turville was making was that Talbert had great champions on his teams while those of Freed and Kelleher were definitely composed of second-rate players. Also Talbert never had to contend with a strong Mexico, or play Interzone Finals in countries like India and Italy.

HARRY L. GROSS

Los Angeles



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How The West Branded It The Greatest American Whiskey

EIGHTY-EIGHT years before this picture was taken, cowhands fought off Apaches, rustlers, stampedes, dust storms and mankilling heat to move those Texas longhorns into the High Plains of Colorado and Wyoming. After a month-long cattle drive, payday silver bulging their pockets, they reckoned only the best was good enough.

"Give us the greatest American whiskey you gut," they'd holler at the bar-

keeper—and he'd produce a bottle of Yellowstone. The name stuck—and so has its reputation for "no-bite" smoothness. Today, cattlemen and cowpunchers are still heard to murmur, "That's right, no bite," after that first silky taste. *Mellow-mash Yellowstone is no sipping rich in bourbon flavor, yet so airily light in body.*

You'd understand how it's done if you saw how those Yellowstone people heap

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